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"UNCLE Ben's Courtships" will be continued in our next.

The article on "Indian Railways" is declined with thanks.

"Catamaran Jack," under consideration.

"Martin Shuttlecock," will appear in No. X.

The paper on "Physiognomy and Phrenology" shall appear shortly.

"A Chapter of Stray Thoughts on Arts," shall have our early attention.

SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE:

No. IX.] JULY, 1852. [Vol. I.

MY UNCLE BEN'S COURTSHIPS.

CHAPTER VI.

If my Uncle had been young and foolish, he might perhaps have incontinently put an end to his sufferings, with "a bare bodkin," or a dose of arsenic, and thereby, at a considerable personal sacrifice, heaped coals of fire on the head, and planted a life-long canker in the heart, of the faithless Seraphina. If he had been middle-aged and mercenary, he might probably have repaired to the office of my estimable friend, Humphrey Horseleech, Esq., Attorney-at-law, and taken a legal opinion (price three gold mohurs) on the question, whether an action would lie against Miss Grubbins, for breach of promise. But being elderly, unromantic, and well-to-do in the world, he resolved, after calm reflection, to pocket his disappointment, and forget, as soon as possible, the inconstant fair one, who had so grievously deceived him. He repaired, therefore, neither to Messrs. Treacher and Co.'s, nor to Mr. Horseleech's, but took up his quarters at the Byculla Club. For a time he remained solitary and taciturn, dining alone, shunning the billiard-table, and remarkable chiefly for taking long walks on the race-course, with his hands under his coat-tails, and his eyes intently fixed upon the ground. Then he gradually brightened up, became companionable by degrees, and at length allowed himself to be persuaded to join Colonel Quibble, of the Engineers, and Messrs. Loch Lomond and Ben Nevis, of the Civil Service, at an evening whist party. From that time forth, my Uncle was himself again.

About a month after his arrival in Bombay, the worthy old gentleman was seated in his little room at the Club, in his dressing-gown and slippers, reading a spirited editorial attack in one of the morning papers upon a rival local

journal, when his servant entered, and laid on the table before him, a rather dirty and crumpled *chit*, the bearer of which, it appeared, though requested to wait for an answer, had slipped off in a suspicious manner, immediately after delivering the missive.

The hand-writing of this mysterious letter might have been taken for that of Napoleon on the eve of a battle,—it was such a wild, irregular, and illegible kind of scrawl. But my Uncle Ben had no sooner decyphered the first line, than he at once knew the writer. The epistle ran as follows :—

Bombay Jail, Friday.

My Dear Balderson,—Here I am, caged at last, as the tiger said, when caught in a trap, in a fit of somnambulism. Grabbed, my dear boy, and in the hands of the Philistines. It is not the first time I've been here, for, as you are aware, about three years since, I ———. Never mind the past! Hang care, say I. There are worse places in India than this, I can tell you. Liberty is circumscribed, it is true, but one has fresh air, apartments comfortable, though small, and a nice little circle of society. Sidney Fitz William Smythe, of H. M. — is here, in all his glory; also young Twitchet, of the Artillery, and a devilish fine fellow named Alick McSwelter, a merchant, who sings admirably, and seems intimately acquainted with the private history of all the principal people in the Presidency. Besides these, there is a dismissed Madras officer who plays on the flute regularly from daybreak to noon, and then drinks brandy-pawnee from noon till bed-time. We think him rather a bore. He gives very fair dinners, however, and has a supply of prime cheroots, which he dispenses liberally to his friends. About the Secretariat clerks, at present only eleven in number, incarcerated in this place, I need say nothing. Poor wretches! they seem sadly in want of employment, and a few sheets of foolscap, and a bundle of quills, would be a blessing to them.

Mrs. Grubbins is *not* here; neither is Angelica. Think you, my dear old friend, that I would allow them to accompany me to such a locality? They have both come to Bombay, in order to be near at hand, should I require their kind offices; but within these walls they shall not enter, as permanent residents. Will you call upon them? I enclose their address. You were always a kind friend to Mrs. Grubbins, and she loved you as a brother, or a son. You were also most attentive to Angelica, and *she has not forgotten you*. Were this last flower of my domestic circle taken away from me, I fear I should not survive the blow; but this I must say, that the man who gets Angelica for a wife, will be the *most fortunate in India*. She is no heartless coquette—no fickle flirt—but a frank, honest-hearted girl, possessing many accomplishments, and imbued with the fullest sense of her high social position. Ah, my dear Balderson, if I *could* spare her, and if you *were* successful ———. But a truce to all this. Come and dine with me to-morrow. I'll introduce you to Smythe, and Twitchet, and McSwelter. Also to the Madrassee. And after

dinner, we'll take a turn in the compound, and talk of old times.

Ever your's,

"CALEB GRUBBINS."

"B. BALDERSON, ESQ., C. S."

My Uncle was naturally a kind-hearted man, though a little lofty and imperious in his ideas; but it is a fact, that when he had finished the perusal of this friendly communication, he tore it in pieces very deliberately, and threw the fragments out of the window, accompanying the act with a steady, prolonged whistle, which was very significant.

"Oh dear no!" quoth he, soliloquising. "Not in that quarter. Old birds—Burnt children—Proud as Lucifer, and not much better looking. Besides, public scandal, and all that sort of thing. Not so easily caught, my dear Major."

Muttering thus, my Uncle strode up and down the room—heaved a deep sigh or two—looked at himself in the glass—ran his fingers through his scanty grey hair—and every now and then renewed his knowing whistle, as much as to say: "You're an artful dog, Grubbins, but you must get up very early in the morning to take *me* in."

There is nothing perhaps more pleasing to the human mind than the conviction of one's sagacity in detecting and baffling the designs of another. My Uncle felt intensely gratified at his own cleverness in seeing through the transparent Major, and was so overjoyed by the contemplation of it, that he threw himself back in his chair, and indulged in a deep internal chuckle of delight.

His mind was still busy with the subject, when a voice, humming a lively modern air, was heard, and a young fellow in a shooting-coat, a curiously-shaped morning hat, and flannel trousers, entered the room, cracking a large hunting-whip as he came.

"Ah, Patter," said my Uncle, "is it you?"

Patter was a Lieutenant in H. M. — Regiment, one of that happily large class, who are currently known as "the best fellows alive." He was well known on the turf; a member of the Yacht club; a capital amateur actor; a cricketer whose batting was prodigious, and whose bowling none could withstand; a first-rate billiard player; a graceful and expert dancer of the polka; a remarkable singer, both in the comic and sentimental line; a master of repartee; an admirable collector and circulator of gossip; a favorite with the ladies; a man who had many friends, and always knew what to do with himself.

"Well, old boy," said Patter, with a familiarity that in any one else might have offended the pride of my Uncle Ben; "what's the news this morning? Give me a cup of tea. These late hours don't at all answer. I was up till three o'clock this morning at Wigan's, and rose at five to give my new horse a gallop round the course. Two hours' sleep! and now I have a day full of business before me; calls to make, shops to visit, tiffin at Jackson's, rehearsal in the evening, and Ball at Parell at ten to-night! Really, Balderson, to get through such a life as mine, requires an iron man, a positive machine, a thing of springs that never crack, and wheels that never tire! They talk of idleness being the root of

all evil in India; but I declare that from sunrise to midnight, I have not a moment's leisure; and if I were to judge from my want of peace and quiet, I should have to confess myself a monster of iniquity, for there's *no rest for the wicked*, they say!"

"You are a victim to your good nature, Patter," said my Uncle. "So you are going to the Ball?"

"Going!" replied the man of business, "I should never hear the last of it if I were to stay away. I am already engaged for polkas and waltzes without number, and would show you the list, but that I've left my note-book at home. Now, Balderson, if you really *do* wish to make a conquest, come to Parell with me. I know twenty or thirty such charming girls! And besides, I'll introduce you to the wonderful widow, Mrs. Walsingham Spread, about whom all Bombay is talking, and who is every where acknowledged to be the most superb creature that ever glided across a ball-room."

My Uncle blushed faintly, as became him after so pointed an allusion to his matrimonial aims. "Yes," said he, "I've no objection to go: who *is* Mrs. Spread?"

"Mrs. *Walsingham* Spread," cried Patter, with deprecatory emphasis. "Oh, she's the widow of an officer of the Nizam's service, who died ten months since, fighting the battles of his country—or rather, the Nizam's country—at a place they call ——. Hang it! I forget the name. A deuced fine fellow, I believe, with the courage of a lion, though he had only one eye, and was rather scarred about the face. But we may afford to lose such men now and then, when they leave such widows! Major Walsingham Spread deserves a testimonial for dying, *I* think; for really she is a superb creature; and if I were a marrying man, Balderson,—which you know I'm not—by the sacred Piper! there's not a woman on the wide earth I'd rather propose to, than this magnificent dame. She has the eyes of a gazelle, the throat of a swan, the form of Juno! You never saw her equal."

"I fear," remarked my Uncle, with a complacent smile, "you intend to be my rival after all!"

"No! honor bright," said Patter; "I haven't money enough to marry; nor time enough, for that matter; so, if you enter for the prize, it may be a 'walk over,' as far as I am concerned. Shall I call, and drive you out to-night?"

My Uncle accepted Lieutenant Patter's offer; and shortly afterwards that voluble gentleman finished his cup of tea, and took a hasty departure, declaring that he had more work on his hands than the Governor and all the Members of Council put together, (which may possibly have been the case,) and requesting Mr. Balderson kindly to excuse him if, considering the numerous claims on his attention, he should chance to be a little late that evening.

CHAPTER VII.

It *was* rather late when Messrs. Patter and Balderson arrived at Parell. The fountain before the door of Government House was throwing up its spray, which glittered in the rays of light streaming from the illuminated mansion. Strains of music, to which tiny feet were evidently keeping time, struck the ears of our two friends as they entered. There was not a soul upon the broad marble stair-case, except the motionless figures of the scarlet peons, who stood like statues, as the guests passed by. But when Messrs. Balderson and Patter had ascended the stairs, the dazzling scene which the ball-room presented appeared almost like the magic creation of some Eastern Prospero. There was a perfect blaze of light. Officers in handsome uniforms were dancing the polka with fairy-like creatures in pink, and white, and blue. Here and there, distinguished Civilians were talking earnestly (about something, or nothing, as the case might be) to ponderous Brigadiers. On the damask couches, in various parts of the room, sat fair young girls, and anxious mothers, and decided dowagers. In one place, jewels of price were seen on arms that lent them beauty, and graceful wreaths surmounted brows of classic loveliness. In another, ladies of an uncertain age displayed doubtful roses on cheeks where Time had written his records; and vainly endeavoured to compensate for the loss of youth by that profusion of adornment which Beauty requires not. Within a few yards, my Uncle beheld an over-dressed wife, flirting with a young Cavalry officer, while her daughter was listening, with an approving smile, to "soft nonsense" from the lips of a man old enough to be her father. The fine music, the dazzling light, the splendour of uniforms and dresses, the low sound of sweet voices, and the pleasant odour of the faintly-perfumed air, had, together, a curious effect upon my Uncle Ben. He began to feel quite young again, and experienced an involuntary desire to dance!

Patter had left Mr. Balderson almost as soon they entered the room, in order to give the news of the day, to his large circle of acquaintance, and perform some of those numerous engagements to which he had alluded in the morning as being inscribed in his memorandum book. But before doing so, he had introduced my Uncle to the superb Mrs. Walsingham Spread; and that lady now sat immediately opposite him, and there was a vacant place beside her; and he thought it would be a pleasant and agreeable thing to have a few minutes' conversation with the fair widow.

Mrs. Walsingham Spread was a lady of ———; let the blank remain; 'twould be impious to fill it up! She had grand masses of black hair, lustrous dark eyes, a skin as fair as alabaster, and a bloom so perfect and so constant, that her enemies said she *rouged*. Her figure would have been faultless, but for a decided tendency to *embonpoint*. She wore an elegant satin dress, which sometimes seemed pink, sometimes lavender, to the bewildered eyes of my Uncle, and

which was made so "full," that it occupied nearly the whole of the couch where she was sitting, and left only a little corner for Mr. Balderson to squeeze in. When Mrs. Walsingham Spread smiled, she displayed a set of pearly teeth, of which two, her enemies said, had been supplied by the dentist; but all of which, my Uncle could swear, were carefully fashioned by the hand of Nature. Such a smile it was! so arch, so playful, so tender, so full of meaning! Such a destructive smile! He saw at once how it would be. He could no more resist the charms before him, than the forest-tree could resist the lightning.

"What an enchanting scene!" said my Uncle.

"A noble ball, sir," returned the superb widow: "yet there *are* times when, even in a place like this, one feels no pleasure."

My Uncle was about to enquire *what* times, but ere the words came to his lips, Mrs. Walsingham Spread moved her beautiful head quite close to his ear, and asked, in a half whisper, "Who is that black-eyed girl in the ill-fitting pink dress, sitting near the Governor?"

Mr. Balderson looked in the direction indicated, and an extraordinary cold thrill shot through him. It was Mrs. Polish!

"That is—a newly-married lady—of the name of Polish," stammered he: "her husband is a member of our service, Acting First Assistant Collector at ———."

"I don't think her pretty; do you?" said the enchanting widow.

"Oh dear no, not at all," replied my Uncle, in great confusion.

"She is wretchedly thin, and has a most unmeaning giggle."

"Very much so indeed, ma'am."

"Her husband seems a nice-looking young man."

"Why, I don't know," returned my Uncle, not at all relishing this praise of his late rival: "he is a great dandy, and by no means clever. But see; they are preparing for a waltz. Allow me the honor of dancing with you?"

My Uncle Ben stood up with the fair widow, and when his hand touched her waist, felt the most indescribable of all possible sensations. Just as they started off, Patter passed him, and gave his arm an encouraging pinch, which re-assured him amazingly; and, though he had not waltzed before for a good ten years, enabled him to get through the dance with great credit, and without coming into collision with any of the numerous couples gyrating around him in dangerous proximity.

Then the superb widow and my Uncle sat down, and observed, and talked about, the various people in the room. There was a popular, and rather dandified, Member of Council,—a vastly polite little man, whom people might have deemed under the delusion that he had not only been endowed with all the graces of Apollo, but presented with the elixir of perpetual youth. By his side was a gruff old Naval officer, an Indian incarnation of Hawser Trunnion, marching about as though he were on his own quarter-deck. Speaking earnestly to a pretty-looking woman in blue, was an eminent judicial functionary, an old-young man in a neat brown wig, wonderfully

fond of speech-making, and who had a great reputation for gallantry; and, I believe, deserved it. Bowing and smiling in all directions, was a celebrated Scotch philosopher, with his head full of storms, and meteors, and magnetometers, and geological strata, and Heaven knows what. And there was the celebrated Doctor Zephyr, who had earned immortal fame as a sort of Grand Master of Ceremonies at the presidency: a gentleman, without whose aid no place of public entertainment could be properly decorated, and no ball properly given,—always excepting those at Government House. Among the ladies, my Uncle and his charming companion particularly remarked Mrs. Prunella, once the wife of a Conductor, but now the gayest of the gay, and the proudest of the proud. She had three daughters, two of whom had married officers of the Army, and the other was reserved for a wealthy Civilian. Mrs. Prunella was wondrously stout, and of an age that usually forbids gaiety; but she made a point of never missing a ball, and spent three-fourths of her time in visiting people who despised her, and pronounced her (behind her back) the greatest bore on earth. Another notable person was Mrs. O'Keefe, a lady with a red face, and a most hideous head-dress, who prided herself upon her intellectual acquirements; and on the strength of some Oriental tales in an English periodical, had the presumption to think herself an authoress. Several flirtations were in progress; and one little girl, with most dangerous eyes, sat in a far-off corner, practising witchcraft, for it was nothing else, upon a legal gentleman, who had registered a vow in Heaven never to marry, and felt, in her presence, almost tempted to commit perjury.

My Uncle danced again; it was a quadrille this time; and shortly afterwards he had the ineffable delight of escorting Mrs. Walsingham Spread to the supper-room. The lady took the smallest possible sandwich—the smallest possible ice-cream—and the smallest possible glass of champagne. My Uncle took—nothing! He gazed upon the superb form before him, and felt his heart vanish—gradually vanish—till, in the strange delirium of his sensations, he could have knelt down before her, there, upon the mats, and besought her, for the sake of Heaven, to give him *some* hope.

A heavy slap on the back, brought the worthy old gentleman to his senses. It was Patter, standing beside him with a middle-aged lady, who attacked some jelly, immediately, with indescribable voracity.

"Well, Patter," said my Uncle, "how have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Pretty well," answered Patter. "I need not ask *you* that question. Everybody knows you have made yourself excessively happy."

"Everybody?" said my Uncle, puzzled.

"Why, yes," returned Patter, dropping his voice to a whisper; "everybody thinks it's a settled thing. You've danced with her, walked with her, talked with her, and brought her down to supper. Not a word have you exchanged with any other lady the whole evening. The next step's matrimony, of course."

To use a nautical phrase, my Uncle felt decidedly "taken

aback" by the suddenness of this private announcement. He half blushed, quite stammered, said something without meaning, and only recovered himself when Patter, with a sly look, moved off to speak to an A. D. C., who was sailing up at that moment with a fat, unengaged spinster upon each arm.

Would Mrs. Walsingham Spread return to the Ball-room? Oh dear no; it was quite out of the question. Her health was by no means good; and in the delicate state of her lungs, it was absolutely necessary for her to be careful, and avoid late hours as much as possible. Wouldn't she be persuaded to go upstairs again, just for half an hour? Really, Mr. Balderson was very pressing, but this time he *must* excuse her. Should my Uncle see her to her carriage? Indeed, he was very kind, and she would thankfully avail herself of his politeness. A dark green brougham, with grey horses. Ah! that was it. Might he arrange her shawl? Take care of the steps. Good night! And the door of the brougham was slammed to; Mrs. Walsingham Spread gave my Uncle a farewell glance of those killing eyes; off started the horses; and Mr. Balderson stood gazing at the fountain, like one bewildered.

CHAPTER VIII.

The general tone of society in Bombay is not particularly elevated. Among gentlemen belonging to the "Services," it relates too exclusively to what is termed the "shop." Your military man loquaciously enlarges on the "Line step," and other chances of promotion, or disdainfully discusses some unlucky-lucky fellow's qualifications for the Staff, into which Interest has pitchforked him, to the detriment of better men. Your Civilian garrulously dilates on the decisions of the Sudder Judges, and is anxiously solicitous as to the construction to be placed on the hundred and forty-ninth section of the hundred and thirty-third Regulation of 1827. Your Naval officer talks for an hour on the comparative merits of the H. Co.'s Steam Frigate *Tortoise*, and the H. Co.'s Steam Packet *Snail*, and laughs to scorn the fabulous performances of the P. and O. Company's Steamer *Lightning*. Of topics which all enjoy in common, there are scarcely any, except the campaign for the time being, the weather, and a few local gaities, such as theatricals, races, or regatta. The news of a change of Ministry at home excites far less interest than a change in the Secretariat; and the French *coup d'état* itself is felt to be reduced to insignificance by the *coup* which removes a popular Resident from a Native Court. Among the ladies, however, there is a greater variety of topics in circulation. For example: Lady Yarmouth's ball, and Mrs. Methven Methven's dinner party. Who is coming out and who is going home. Who is about to be married; and who will shortly contribute to the news of the month, under the head of "Domestic Occurrences—Births." Whether Miss Smythe has not, for the last three months, been carrying on a decided flirtation with Mr. Browne. Whether Mr. Browne ought not to propose to

Miss Smythe; and if not, why not. What extremely beautiful silk, Meeajee has just imported! And so on.

Now at the period of time whereof this chapter treats, Bombay society had got a new subject of discourse, and rejoiced therein exceedingly. This subject was my Uncle Ben's adoration of the magnificent widow. The place was dull. The Governor had gone off to the hills. The theatre was closed. People had given all their parties for the season. Society felt blasée—used up—when just at the moment a new excitement was wanted, my Uncle was fortunate enough to supply it, and enjoyed for a time the distinguished honor of being "the observed of all observers"—of having his motions watched, his appearance criticised, and his intentions guessed at—and of being often conversed with by ladies fair, and by male tormentors, for the express purpose of extracting something from him that would afterwards furnish food for satire and ridicule. Mrs. Walsingham Spread rode out in a very showy barouche, with yellow wheels, drawn by a grand pair of bay Arabs with sweeping tails; and no sooner did her conspicuous equipage arrive on the green in the evening, than my Uncle's undignified form would be seen approaching, mounted on a stout galloway of uneasy action, and bobbing up and down, half from excitement, and half from the motion of the animal. For a good hour would Mr. Balderson be observed beside the widow's carriage, talking with wonderful boldness, considering the awful nature of her charms, and only interrupted by the occasional advent of some other equestrian acquaintance, and the consequent fidgettiness of the uneasy galloway, which would then put its head rudely into the barouche, or turn about till it got one of my Uncle's legs involved in the spokes of a wheel. Burns says—and has been lauded for saying:—

> "O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"

But I feel certain that were any such "giftie" conferred upon poor mortals in their present imperfect state, one-half of them would die of sheer vexation, and a large proportion of the remainder turn into new incarnations of Diogenes. The poet never made a greater mistake than in asking for so fatal a boon. What would be the sensation of the forward, affected flirt, or of the faded and sour old maid, could she see herself as others see her? Would she not shriek forth her horror, and call herself the victim of a vile delusion? And what, is it supposed, would my Uncle Ben have done, if all of a sudden he could have seen himself, in his matchless absurdity, making love in the open air to a coquettish widow, and opening upon her an extraordinary battery of smiles, smirks, and grimaces, that appeared all the stranger from the honest old gentleman's face not being accustomed to such an exhibition? I solemnly think he would have expired of mortification on the spot, if he could have had a clear perception of the comical figure he must have cut on these occasions!

One evening, my Uncle Ben was at his post as usual, by the side of the large barouche, with the yellow wheels; and on the opposite side, mounted on a very tall charger, was Doctor Dennis O'Flum-

mery, of H. M—, an Irish gentleman who, my Uncle feared, was paying rather too much attention to the widow.

Mrs. Walsingham Spread began to admire my Uncle's galloway; which made the Doctor smile, as he could not for a moment imagine there was anything serious in her encomiums.

"Really," said she, "he *is* a very nice little creature. What a beautiful tail! and what a noble mane! My health is too delicate, I fear, for horse exercise; but if anything *could* tempt me to ride, I declare it would be just such a sweet dear love of a poney as that!"

My foolish Uncle was just on the point of offering the galloway to Mrs. Spread as a present—horse, saddle, bridle, and all—when the Doctor said, looking very hard at Mr. Balderson:—

"Are ye sure he doesn't kick, sir?"

"Not a morsel," replied my Uncle.

"Nor run away?"

"Not a bit."

"Nor stumble, or shy?"

"Not an atom of either, I do assure you."

The Doctor then turned to the fair widow, and said, with an insinuating brogue:—

"Then I think ye may thry him."

Somehow or other, my Uncle did not like the directorial tone in which the Doctor spoke, for he thought it quite enough that O'Flummery should be the medical adviser of his Angel, without arrogating to himself the disposition of her other concerns. Still he said nothing; and it was then arranged that, on the following morning, Mrs. Spread should have a ride on the sands upon the uneasy galloway,—the Doctor accompanying her on his tall charger, and also finding a horse for my Uncle Ben.

You may imagine that Mr. Balderson was in a considerable flutter of agitation, when the auspicious moment at length arrived, and he found himself trotting by the side of Doctor O'Flummery, up to the shady little bungalow occupied by the fair widow. You may imagine that his agitation considerably increased when, turning into the compound, he and his companion descried the long-tailed galloway standing by the door, and the beautiful widow patting his neck with her fairy hand, and encouraging him with her sweet voice. My Uncle, I believe, wished he could exchange places with the galloway! However, he went up, and helped the Doctor to assist her to mount; and this made him more agitated than ever. Poor Mr. Balderson: the touch of that waist again; how it threw his whole nervous system into palpitation and confusion!

Did you ever, gentle reader, chance to ride out with a timid lady, whose safety was particularly precious to you, and to whom you had lent your own horse, with some inward misgiving as to its suitability to carry so tender a burden? If you have ever been in such a position, you may be able to conceive what my Uncle Ben felt, when, on striking off from the high road, and gaining the sands, he observed his poney becoming unmistakeably "frisky," and the magnificent widow looking pale, and appearing more and more unsteady in her seat. Mr. Balderson was not the best of riders himself; and as the Doctor had not only provided him with a

strange horse, but with a strange saddle in addition, he began to find himself, as the pace increased, exceedingly uncomfortable. First one foot got out of the stirrup—then the other; and sometimes the second foot got out before the first had got in again. Then the confounded horse *would* throw up his head suddenly in Mr. Baldersons' face. And then the old gentleman would feel himself shifted too far forward, or too far back,—threatening now to disappear over the animal's head, and now over his crupper. The horse had a long stride, high action, and a desperately hard mouth. The Doctor appeared perfectly at ease on his own account, and only solicitous for the safety of the superb widow. He kept on talking incessantly, to keep up her spirits, as he said; and ever and anon he cast a thundering black look at my Uncle Ben, upon whose reverend head he seemed inclined to visit all the sins of the frisky galloway. Occasionally the lady would utter a little short scream, when Mr. Balderson would steal a momentary glance at her, and observe the Doctor close by her side, and hear him say encouragingly:

"Give him his head; don't hould the reins so tight; that's your sort—now he'll go gintly."

However, the agony all this produced in my Uncle's mind was destined soon to be eclipsed by greater torture. Half-a-dozen playful dogs were careering about, chasing each other, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another; now wheeling round in rapid circles, and anon turning off at sharp angles,—barking and yelping, too, as their blood got up, and their recreation portended mischief. It unfortunately happened that two or three of these atrocious animals made a vigorous dash at our equestrians as they passed, and frightening the galloway upon which Mrs. Spread rode, set him off at a smart gallop towards Malabar Point,—the lady thereupon giving herself up for lost, and my Uncle, holding his breath, conscience-struck, and wishing himself at the bottom of the sea. What should he do? What would the Doctor advise? What course did Courage point out? What step did Love demand of him? Such a host of conflicting emotions struggled in his breast for mastery, that though he heard O'Flummery call out, at the top of his stentorian voice, "Sit firm, and hould tight!" he had no distinct conception of the meaning of the words; and, like a foolish old gentleman, after a moment's pause, he struck his horse some furious blows, spurred him madly, and started off at break-neck speed after the fair widow.

How he kept his seat he knew not—nobody ever knew. As he overtook Mrs. Spread, and caught sight of her pale face and flowing habit, her poney seemed to go faster and faster; but at last my Uncle, panting and perspiring, was by her side—at last he frantically seized the reins of the galloway—at last he was enabled to assure her of her safety. Premature assurance! The horses came into sharp collision: an agonised scream shot through my Uncle's ear, a confused vision of blue riding-habit and white petticoat danced before his eyes, and in less than a moment, he found himself precipitated to the ground, with his elbows stuck in the sand, and

the beautiful widow lying motionless beside him!

"Merciful Heaven!" cried poor Mr. Balderson, looking up into the sky. "What a wretch I am! I've murdered her!"

He had scarcely risen, and repaired to the succour of the fair widow, when the Doctor, who had witnessed the accident from a short distance, galloped up in a towering rage, and immediately dismounting, began to commiserate Mrs. Spread, and to load my Uncle with reproaches—words of abuse and tenderness being most incongruously intermingled.

"Sure, sir, ye're a born idiot—she's dying, poor sowl! Ye can't ride any more than a pair of kitchen tongs—now, me dear, you'll feel a little better. On my honor, Mr. Boulderson, I never saw such a stupid ould fool in my life—now rise, darlin', put your hand on me shouldher. Remimber, ye idiot, that if she'd died, it'd been murdher!",

Thusthe Doctor went on, until a couple of natives, who had caught the horses, came up, when Mrs. Walsingham Spread opened her splendid eyes, and murmuring that she was not much hurt, signified her intention of remounting, and returning home, "just at a gentle walk."

My Uncle stood as one petrified. He could neither move nor speak. Like the little boy who has knocked down the glass globe containing the gold fish, and smashed it to countless atoms, he felt himself the innocent author of indescribable mischief, and knew not what to do.

"Your company's not required, sir!" vociferated the Doctor, as he assisted Mrs. Spread upon her horse again. "You may kill yourself as soon as ye like, but this lady is under my protection, I'd have ye to know, and be Jasus! ye shan't kill *her!*"

And O'Flummery sprang into his saddle, and rode off with the beautiful widow.

My Uncle Ben still stood, mentally contemplating his wrecked happiness and withered hopes;—still stood, until the sun sank beneath the western horizon, and the brief Indian twilight, emblem of his own short interval of joy! stole gently over the scene;—still stood, until the returning tide, dull and monotonous like his own prospective bachelor days, rolled on, and on, and on, at length touching his feet;—still stood, until the native, who held his horse, growing impatient at his inexplicable delay, came up, and said a few words in Hindoostanee, that re-called him from the realmr of Fancy, to those of Reality, and convinced him that it was time to go home to dinner.

ON THE CIVIL ADMINISTRATION OF THE PUNJAB.

We propose taking a glance at the system of Civil government of the provinces under the superintendence of that body, yclept—'The Board of Administration for the Affairs of the Punjab;' but before bestowing our meed of praise, or awarding our adverse judgment, it is advisable, nay, imperative, to understand what was the position of these provinces, previous to the annexation,—at a time when jails and broken bottles, the tokens of the progress of the English, as the witty Frenchman says, were not. That much-vexed question of the Lawrence dynasty at Lahore, requires to be weighed with discrimination and care, bearing in mind what misrule existed previously, and reflecting how far the system introduced by them, tended to put a stop to old abuses, and to save from financial bankruptcy, a State which had been plundered and rack-rented, through many years of anarchy.

It is well known that the excesses of the Sikh soldiery, after the murder of Maharajah Sher Singh, and the able Vazeer, Raja Dhyan Singh, produced a military despotism which had a most dire effect on the well-being of the country. Not one of the old Sirdars of note, nor even the French Generals, Ventura, Court, and others, had the will, or at any rate the power, to stem the tide of insubordination and insurrection, which was daily spreading itself over the land. Jowahir Singh, Ranee Jhunda's brother, a weak, cruel, and sensual ruler, was ill fitted to steer the vessel of the State through such troublous times; and Raja Lal Singh, whose rise was solely owing to the favour of the Ranee, though well-meaning, and anxious to avoid an encounter with the British power, was little better than a puppet in the hands of those who surrounded him. The Sutlej campaign ensued, and Lahore was garrisoned by British troops. From the moment of their arrival, till the time fixed for their withdrawal, all was confusion and discord: and when the stated period had elapsed, the Durbar, finding themselves totally unequal to carry on the administration, were constrained to apply for assistance, which was granted to them, on the well known condition of paying twenty-two lacs yearly—for the expenses incurred by our government. From this time the interference of the Resident became more direct, and he was necessarily compelled, by his position, to exercise a superintendence over the various branches of government. He had a strong corps of assistants, some of whom were retained at Lahore, and the rest dispersed over the country, to aid the Sikh 'hákims' in their respective jurisdictions. The first aspect of affairs was melancholy enough. In the Durbar were two great factions,—one of Raja Tej Singh, a well-intentioned, but uneducated, and incompetent man, acting always according to the suggestions of his confidant, Mol Singh, a person of low extraction,—the other that

of Dewan Deenanath, the able and unscrupulous financier of the Punjab, whose emissaries and dependents were to be found in all parts of the country, and who, as the referee and manager in all revenue matters, had immense influence in the accounts. Sher Singh played second-fiddle to these individuals; and the other Sirdars, who formed part of the council of regency, such as Shumshere Singh Sindhanwala, Utur Singh Kaliawala, Fukeer Noor-ood-deen, &c., had but little voice in any State questions. The year 1847 witnessed great changes in the administration, and in many respects improvements. The custom dues, which were formerly very oppressive, were revised and lowered, and the taxes on the necessaries of life, to a great extent abolished altogether. A scheme of judicial administration was devised, and a code of laws compiled, which defined the authority of the adálutees and kárdárs, and laid down rules for the adjudication of criminal and civil cases. This set of rules was simple, and without technicalities,—it being intended to uphold existing customs, as far as they were consonant with humanity and justice; and where it differed from them, to ameliorate and improve them. The design was benevolent, and carefully planned, but the agents, to whom its execution was entrusted, were ill fitted for the duties imposed on them. The adálutees were—Sirdar Lehna Singh Mujeetia, for the Baree Doab, Sirdar Mungul Singh for the Rechnab, Ram Sing Juliawasia for the Chuj, Lal Singh for the Sindhsagur, and Chutur Singh for the Huzara country. Of all these, Lehna Singh was the only man who had sufficient intelligence and confidence in the measure, to carry it out efficiently. The petitions given at Lahore were despatched to the adálutee, in whose jurisdiction the subject-matter of the case referred to had arisen, and appeals from their orders were heard by the Chief Assistant to the Resident. The greater number of complaints made to the Resident were regarding revenue matters, such as over-assessment, and extortion on the part of the kárdárs, who collected the revenue either by 'butai' or 'kunkoot,' and fleeced the zemindars unmercifully. It was not an uncommon sight in those days to see two or 300 men from one part of the country, who had come to Lahore, to exclaim against the tyranny and oppression of the Sikh officials, mobbing the Resident on his way to Durbar, and, with lighted torches, displaying in broad daylight, the darkness of the land. All this required alteration; and it was determined to make a summary settlement for three years, of the revenue of the country. This was accordingly done, and the relief afforded to the zemindars was great and speedy. It is not extraordinary that of these settlements, the data for which were frequently, from the paucity of information, or the incorrectness of accounts, vague and uncertain, many have since shown great discrepancies: but when it is considered that the whole of them were made in the cold weather of 1847-48, that the amount settled was nearly a crore of rupees, and that the greater number of these assessments are still running on, it must be confessed that the measure was of great service.

All these things are on the bright side of the picture; and it must be allowed that what could be done by the Resident and his Assistants, *was* done with good will and energy, and a sincere desire both to improve the government, and to ameliorate the condition of the people. There was however a strong antagonistic feeling on the part of the Durbar, whose authority was in a great measure curtailed, and circumscribed by the above innovations, which could only be carried out successfully by European agency. The diminution of revenue, caused by the abolishment of the customs, and the revision of the land-tax, necessitated a stricter supervision of the accounts, which, bringing to light gross mal-practices in the lavish profusion of the State income, reductions of establishments ensued, which struck at the heart of the system of favouritism and patronage, formerly in vogue. These proceedings however raised up a host of mal-contents. Every Sirdar had relations, or friends, or dependents in the offices of Government, and was annoyed and enraged at their dismissal. An uneasy feeling of discontent spread over the country, and diffused itself among the soldiery, who, long accustomed to insubordination and self-rule, murmured at the irksome discipline which they had to perform under the European officers. Several months before this ill-feeling had grown to a head, Sir H. Lawrence had departed for England. The book, of which he had written the first chapter, was taken up and continued by another hand, scarcely so firm and nervous as his; and continuations are not always improvements. We are convinced that the attempt to rise would have been made, whether Sir H. Lawrence or Sir F. Currie were Resident; but it would admit of argument whether such an attempt would have vexed itself into a rebellion of the whole Punjab. The restless spirit of the Ranee, was ever on the *qui vive*, to rid itself of the trammels imposed on it. This able and unscrupulous woman, finding herself confined to a certain amount of expenditure, and retaining little or no voice in the councils of the State, early panted for extended authority, and struggled against her fallen position. The Prema plot, the prime mover in which was her private moonshee, was her first demonstration. Whether there is any truth in the story of her having sent her favourite slave girl as an emissary to Mooltan, is doubtful. It is certain however that even when under surveillance at Shekhoopoora, she schemed and plotted to recover her lost influence, and there were numerous evil-disposed spirits, ready to aid and abet her. Suddenly, when all seemed to portend peace and quiet, and the state of the country gave outward promise of future regeneration, the Mooltan rebellion broke out. The proceedings on the trial of Moolraj leave us in doubt whether the first outbreak was premeditated. We believe ourselves that the Dewan had not the remotest intention of murdering our unfortunate countrymen; nor indeed was there any positive proof shown that an insurrection was contemplated. The Mooltan troops were, in all probability, apprehensive of being reduced and disbanded; and the advent of the Englishmen was to them an evil token: that Moolraj gave them

the cue, and urged them on, is matter of conjecture to the present day. We shall pass over the catastrophe, merely remarking that Agnew seems to have acted unwisely, in not marching with the Lahore troops, on their progress to Mooltan, in order to inspire confidence and trust in himself, on the part of those who were to assist him in the administration of the Province. Frank and unsuspicious himself, he cared not to think of the treachery of others; and the consequence was, that on the first mutiny of the Mooltan rabble, he and poor Anderson found themselves alone, and deserted.

People have not yet made up their minds whether this first rebellion would have been crushed in the bud, had prompt measures been taken. We believe ourselves that it would. We believe that, had Sir H. Lawrence then been at Lahore, he would have himself proceeded to Mooltan, with all the troops that were available: and we believe that Moolraj would have surrendered. We are not at all sure that the contagion would have spread throughout the remainder of the Punjab, had energetic measures been taken at the commencement, for the poison was several months in reaching other parts of the country. The Peshawur troops, for instance, did not mutiny till October, five months afterwards, —a pretty long trial for their courage and steadfastness. We must however leave this *vexata quæstio*, and return to the subject immediately under discussion.* At the time of the annexation of the Punjab, it was fortunate that a great number of the officers appointed to assist in the administration of the new territory, formed part of the former Residency staff. Five officers who were put in charge of districts, had been for some time previously in the country, and were well acquainted with the people, and their habits and customs. The germs of the institutions introduced by the Lawrences also existed; and the Board, considering the vastness of the charge entrusted to them, had comparatively an easy task in bringing things straight. The crowds of European officers who came trooping up to Lahore, to take their share in the management of the newly-acquired provinces, were distributed rapidly over the country, without much thought or discrimination. Relays of camels were in readiness to carry off Assistant Commissioners thirsting for distinction, to places like Leia and Khangurh,—unknown paradises in the *Ultima Thule* of the country. Those who came first, generally got the best, and those who came last, the worst districts.

The districts themselves were cut out rapidly, and without any regard to Arnold's maxim, that a river is not a good boundary in all cases. Some were too small, some too large; some too long, some too wide; and in many, the central station was ill selected. The officers were by no means always chosen with discrimination and judgment; and the result was, that some turned out complete failures. The least that could be expected from an officer put in charge of a district in which he was to exercise criminal, civil, and revenue functions, would be that he should be able to instruct others in the essential parts of their duty: but this was

certainly not always attained; and in those districts in which the officers had not themselves the necessary knowledge to carry on their duties efficiently, the people were left a prey to swarms of greedy and unprincipled Hindoosthanees. Unfortunately the Punjabees had not that technical acquaintance with official matters which would enable them to master the intricacies of our civil system, and the field was therefore open to worthless adventurers, the rejected of the North West Provinces, who being unable, from rascality or stupidity, to procure a respectable livelihood in their own country, flocked to the land of promise, to fatten on its supposed riches. Happily this attracted attention, and it is to be hoped that the Punjabees, who are quite as intelligent, and far more honest than the Hindoosthanees, will in future be admitted to all the offices from which they have hitherto, in a great measure, been excluded by the southern intruders. In providing for the servants of the former Sikh government, it must be allowed, some care was shown; as a large number of the jagheerdaree horse, which were disbanded on the confiscation of the jagheers to which they were attached, were enrolled in the local district sowars. The jagheerdars also were, on the whole, treated with consideration, when we reflect that our government is always more ready to resume, than to grant; and condescends to lay down rules, for the escheat of petty religious tenures, which profit little, and the resumption of which is looked upon as contemptible by natives. At the same time the jagheerdars having been deprived of all their former authority and influence, have also lost much of their independence; and the proud and haughty Sikh Sirdar is constrained to adapt himself to the rule and measure of the invader. We believe that many years will not elapse before the names of the Sindhanwalas and Majeetias will be unknown words; and that the stubborn old chiefs, illiterate, and unused to civilized habits, will disappear, and be supplanted by a race more pliable and ready to adapt itself to European ideas. By some, this will be considered an advantage; but it entails with it the destruction of all ancient families: and though complacently looked on in this country, is a system which, if applied in England, would excite a storm of indignation in the school of Lord John Manners and Co. It is somewhat farcical to hear an English Prime Minister talking of the regeneration of India, and longing for the day when the natives of the East may be entrusted with the government of their own country. Doubtless the Sikh Sirdars imagined they governed the Punjab just as well as we do, and perhaps better: and in fact seldom has an Indian state been more efficiently ruled, than was the land of the five waters in the time of Runjeet Singh. To the higher classes, the Sirdars, the old servants of government, and the head men of villages, the advent of our rule was distasteful, because they saw in it the decline of their own superiority; and the latter would often give vent to their complaints, by saying "Why, here is So-and-So, who formerly could not dare to sit down on the same carpet with me, bearding me

to my face, and setting himself up as being quite as good as myself in our village community." It was the policy of the Sikh government to patronize and pet the more influential zemindars, in order to ensure the realization of the revenue; but in the more direct supervision which takes place under the English revenue system, the authorities are in no way dependent upon their good will; and it is considered sufficient to assign them a per-centage on the government revenue collected from their villages, resuming mostly the land which they formerly held rent-free. We consider this impolitic, and think that the gain to government by the escheat of the 'inam' is not to be weighed in the balance with the advantage of having, in the head men of villages, true friends to the government, influential from their landed tenures, and not mere agents, paid for their trouble in collecting the government revenue. These confiscations no doubt destroy the authority of the head men, and make them luke-warm adherents, even if they have not an actual antagonistic feeling against their rulers. The rule of the English in India is for the most part only good by comparison. The Hindoo prefers it to the rule of the Moosulman, and the Moosulman to that of the Hindoo; but to suppose that either would not prefer the government of one of their own race is, we conceive, a sheer fallacy, and we should avoid paying much credit to the eulogistic speeches of natives, with praise on their lips, and gall in their hearts. There are certainly some Indian States in which mis-rule and tyranny have driven the people to the verge of rebellion, and caused them to cry out for the aid of the English; but we do not think that such are to be taken as the standard by which all native governments are to be measured. We are commonly so wrapped up in the contemplation of the perfection of our own system, that we are insensible to its defects. Certes there was no procedure, or want of procedure, in the Punjab, which could vie in its terrible effects with the Court of Chancery; and we are not at all sure whether the Indian punchayut is not every whit as good as the famed English jury, which an Englishman fancies to be a *sine qua non* in all judicial matters. All we advocate is, that before decrying native systems, we should examine and understand their merits—that we should not avoid observing their good points, nor hesitate to remark the defects in our own procedure.

Let us examine for instance our Criminal Law, and reflect whether this medley of regulations, constructions, and circular orders, many of which directly contradict one another, is adapted in its entirety to the requirements of a new country like the Punjab. To be sure it was only enacted that the spirit of the regulations should be acted on; but in the absence of any determined rules on the subject, who could tell in what consisted the spirit, and in what the letter? Opinion necessarily differed, and the consequence was, that the definition of this spirit varied all over the Punjab. We think one of the greatest requirements of the country is a simple, unpretending code, laying down, clearly and briefly, the signification of each class of

crime, and applying to it a punishment suited to the offence, taking into consideration its comparative heinousness as tested by former customs, and the opinions of the people.

It has already been found necessary to alter and modify many points. The rules regarding adultery, for instance, were found to be ill adapted to the Moosulman population; and the indispensability of prompt and vigorous measures among a people prone to take the law into their own hands, and inflict a deadly punishment on the offending wife, was speedily felt. It was not long therefore before a revised law was promulgated, giving the Magistrate authority to try cases of adultery summarily, and to punish the guilty parties within the limits of his own authority. Similarly the prevalence of cattle stealing all over the country, and the fact of its being regarded as a trivial offence, and indeed in many districts as a meritorious action, rendered necessary a revision of the old law on the subject. Again, the regulation regarding the trial of cases of ejectment was modified, and its applicability confined to inhabited land, walls, drains and the like, it being declared null and void as regards disputes regarding cultivated land. This last was a most beneficial measure, for the operation of Act IV. of 1840 has not answered the expectations that were entertained from it. The fact of there being an appeal from the original order, renders it valueless as a summary measure; and in fact a case of this nature is little better than a civil suit in extenso.

One of the most beneficial measures introduced by the Board has been the disarming of the population. There were an astounding number of matchlocks and swords in every village, showing that every man almost, in former days, had been driven to fight for his hearth and home, and his hereditary lands. The whole country was peopled by a fighting race, trained to arms as a profession, and not unfrequently of predatory habits. Cattle raids, desperate affrays, and highway robbery, were committed almost with impunity; because, under the Sikh system, it was usual to mulct the village community for the offence of one of its members. In the district of Kuchee, near the banks of the Indus, there lived in the village of Wah-i-Buchran some noted free-booters, who took a pleasure in invading the territories of Dewan Moolraj, of Mooltan, and would carry off in a night, several hundred head of cattle, returning to their own home in triumph. The affrays arising from disputes about land and village boundaries were in effect petty battles, bloody, and long contested, the sword being the arbiter; and five or six men were often slain on a side. The arms of the people having been taken away, these more heinous crimes gradually ceased, and the result on the morale of the country was excellent. It cannot be doubted that such offences have been most materially diminished in number, the lawless having been quelled into submission, and the traveller being at liberty to pursue his path in safety. But while a check has been laid on crimes attended with violence, we must confess that those of a petty nature, such

as theft, and minor burglary, have increased; and indeed this would appear to be always the effect of the introduction of our system. The native plan, though considered barbarous in the light of civilization, was undoubtedly much more effectual in stopping these offences, than our English rules and regulations. It is a remarkable fact that, in Golab Singh's territories, theft is almost unknown. The punishment inflicted is mutilation, and it certainly is all powerful in keeping down petty crime. Natives do not appreciate the maxim that it is better to letten guilty men escape, than to punish one innocent individual, and say amusingly enough—"You require a couple of witnesses in every case of theft. Do you suppose that the thief would bring witnesses with him, when he comes to rob me?" Our great cantonments abounding in the riff-raff of the land, are the hot-beds from which the numerous race of thieves, burglars and pick-pockets, spread themselves over the country.

An attempt has been made in the Punjab to introduce the only direct tax on property known in India; namely, the chowkidaree tax; and the result has been, as elsewhere, a signal failure.

It seems strange that the experience of so many years that we have of the extreme unpopularity of this impost, has not suggested a more feasible plan of collecting the sum required for the watch and ward of towns. The chowkidaree tax is an inquisitorial income-tax, extremely distasteful to a native mind, and imposed in spite of a violent opposition on the part of the townspeople. It is collected with difficulty, and affords scope for great oppression on the part of the Bukshee. In Umritsur, the citizens prevailed on the District officer to allow of the introduction of the system known as 'dhurut,' by which a fixed amount is levied on all grain brought into the town, and is realized from the importers. The result is, a slight enhancement of price, which is almost imperceptible, although it is in fact paid by the population generally. The toll paid by one man is divided among 90,000 people, and the rise in price is gradual, and trifling, compared to the fluctuations from other causes. The plan was permitted as a trial, but has never received authoritative approval; and in other districts it has not been attempted, notwithstanding that everywhere the people are very anxious for its introduction, and that the relief afforded by it to the poorer classes, is unspeakable.

As regards the District police, we do not think the system of village responsibility has been sufficiently carried out. In order to make this arm efficient, it is indispensable that the head men should feel that the government is consulting their interests and that its object is not to pry into their village concerns, but to obtain a knowledge of all crimes committed, and to punish such, for the welfare of the community. To effect this is not easy. Village chowkidars are too frequently appointed through the agency of the thanahdars, and are therefore necessarily looked upon as spies by the villagers, who feel that their reputation and good name are in the hands of their own servant. One great reason for

the desire to conceal crime on the part of the zemindars, is the crying evil of their being despatched as witnesses in trifling cases to the Sudder station,—a distance very likely of fifty miles; and it is not strange that they should desire to avoid so serious a loss of time and money. We are advocates for entrusting Tehseeldars with judicial powers, for the trial of all petty cases of theft and burglary, so as to save the people this unpleasant necessity; and we are sure that if introduced everywhere, such a measure would be productive of the greatest advantage. There is no want of intelligence in these officials; and in such cases it does not show wisdom to display distrust; for the man who is considered capable of collecting two lacs of revenue, and of investigating all disputes about the land from which that revenue is realized, is surely competent to decide a trifling case of larceny, or adjust a quarrel about a drain. All the collective wisdom of the country is not in European heads; and it should not be said of us that, while we profess the greatest anxiety for the arrival of the happy period when natives will be able to govern themselves, we refuse to allow them the initiative, and moreover distrust our most responsible native officers. The same may be said of the rules for the trial of civil suits in the provinces under the Board. We consider the code that was drawn up for the purpose very efficient, if properly administered. In order to ensure a correct, and a speedy judgment, it was found indispensable, in Umritsur, and a few other districts in which the civil administration has proved most efficient, to procure, as much as possible, the attendance of the parties, and to avoid any recurrence to the assistance of vakeels, whose fees depend upon the length and mystification of the case,—those defects in fact which the trying officer is most anxious to avoid. It is quite clear that the parties themselves must be the best acquainted with the facts of the case, whether they are initiated in the points of law or not; and the presiding officer being informed of the former, must be a dunce if he cannot eke out as much law as is required by the very simple code which is his guide and rule. In all cases of accounts, claims for damages by reason of breach of contract, matters of caste, and so on, the proceedings are made over to arbitrators for decision,—the European officer doing nothing more than see that each case is fairly settled, and carrying the decision into execution. More than half the civil suits instituted in a district may be, and ought to be, decided after this fashion, which, after all, is reverting to the old native system of punchayut; and it is quite certain that the decisions given, independently of their avoiding all technicalities, and being rapidly effected, are much more satisfactory than the most laboured judgments of the civil courts elsewhere. Under the rules enjoined, few cases remain on the file more than three months; and if the Tehseeldars are entrusted with authority to try civil suits, there will be some hope of the people obtaining justice, with but a small expenditure of time and money.

In revenue matters, the rules introduced by the Board have

quite subverted all former native institutions. The Sikh system was very crude and imperfect; the kárdár was presented with a nominal rent-roll, in which the jumma of that year, in which the greatest amount of revenue that had ever been collected was laid down as the standard; but he had complete controul over the payments of each village; and as the Durbar never looked into details, and were always satisfied if the revenue paid in was large in amount, he had unlimited opportunities of filling his own pockets. The summary settlements made in 1847-48 upset all this, and the relief to the zemindars has on the whole been great. It is obvious however that such settlements, if not light, are open to objection. The amount due by each individual not being fixed, the head men have great opportunities of exacting more than the proper amount, and endeavour to avoid all payment of their own share of the revenue. In case of a bad harvest, and if the summary settlement is heavy, the effect is disastrous. As the government never, if possible, relinquishes any portion of its dues, the zemindars of those villages which are highly assessed, cry out lustily if the crop turn out a failure; and remember with satisfaction that the jagheerdar, in former days, although he took half of a good crop, also took his half of a bad one; and in seasons of distress, was ever ready to advance grain or money to the people, for their sowings. Under a reasonable settlement the value of land increases greatly, but it is a curious fact that in some parts of the Punjab, on the further side of the Jhilum, land has scarcely ever been known to be sold, and bears no fixed value. We hope to see the whole of the country speedily settled under Regulation IX. of 1833; for although it will probably entail a considerable falling off of revenue, it will, we are sure, afford great and permanent relief to the zemindars, and lay the foundation of the future prosperity of the land. As regards the district revenue accounts, the system in vogue in the North West Provinces has been introduced in all its completeness, and has proved very efficient. Although novel at first, it was easily comprehended by Punjabee Teehseldars after a year's practice; and it is a matter of regret that any Hindoosthanee usurpers should have been allowed to fill offices which the natives of the country, in point of ability, were quite as competent to occupy. We are convinced that those districts in which the agency employed is indigenous, are the best managed. We would prefer a corrupt Punjabee to a corrupt Hindoosthanee; how much more an honest Punjabee to a corrupt Hindoosthanee! And it is natural that the latter would not come to the land of promise, on the same pay that he would receive in his own province, if the opportunity of plunder held out were not tempting.

We would here take the opportunity of observing that the promise of promotion, which was held out to the Covenanted officers in the Punjab, on the annexation of the country, has not been fulfilled. Those that have borne the burden and heat of the day, are naturally dissatisfied that their exertions have not been requited; and the matter is worse, because there is no

definitive rule by which a Junior Assistant Commissioner can be assured that his labours will be rewarded by increase of pay and rank. Until more liberal rules are laid down, it cannot be expected that either civil or military officers, who can get anything better, will enter the Punjab service.

In order to ensure the promotion of efficient officers only, we would advocate the examination of all Assistant Commissioners previously to their being raised to a higher grade. This examination should comprise an enquiry into their knowledge of the general routine of civil duties; and the examinee should be made to explain severally the details of revenue, criminal, and civil work. He should further be able to take charge of a treasury, and in fact without insisting on an accurate knowledge of regulations and constructions, it should be proved that he is capable of carrying on the duties of a District Officer. A knowledge of the Punjabee language is also indispensable for any officer who desires to be intimately acquainted with the country and people.

Rapid strides are being made towards the outward improvement of the Punjab. Roads are spreading in all directions; measures have been taken for planting trees on all sides; and the larger towns have been so wonderfully embellished and altered, that the inhabitants themselves scarcely know them.

We have purposely avoided any mention of the corps raised in the Punjab after the annexation. Any laudation would be unnecessary, for we have all seen and heard of their admirable behaviour, whenever they have been called on to act. They are composed of the pith and marrow of the fighting men of the country, and present some of the finest specimens of the Khalsa of the Manjha. The anxiety shown by several Regiments of Sikh Local Infantry to be employed in the Burma expedition, is as creditable as it was unexpected; and we feel sure that if the gallant race of Sikhs had a fair trial, and were encouraged by the Commanding Officers of our Native Infantry Regiments, they would soon infuse that military ardour into a corps, which is so essential for its maintenance in a proper state of discipline. In order to ensure their being treated with consideration, it would we think be indispensable to form a depôt, and then draft them into the line regiments, in bodies of not less than fifty men, so that they might hold their own against any Hindoosthanee clique, and not be driven to desert by bullying and a feeling of disgust at being treated as interlopers.

On the whole, we think the Board have done much for the Punjab. There are many points on which we have not touched, as our space would not allow us to write diffusely on all the details of the administration. We have however, we conceive, written enough to show that the ploughshare has supplanted the sword; that peace reigns instead of violence; and that in the short space of three years, more has been effected for the amelioration of the country than has hitherto been accomplished in Bengal, with our fifty years' experience.

P.

A MONTH'S MARCH WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S CAMP, IN THE COLD SEASON OF 1851.

After passing a very pleasant season at Simla, and just when every body was preparing for the plains, I accepted the invitation of a friend on the personal staff of the Governor-General, to join the Vice-regal camp, and march with it along the foot of the Himalayas, to Hurdwar and Roorkee. I had never seen Hurdwar; but the glowing descriptions I had often read from the pens of able writers, led me to expect great pleasure from the visit. Accordingly, on the 25th of October I left Simla, two days in the rear of the Commander-in-Chief, and other "big wigs" who had proceeded to Pinjore, for the purpose of being present at a great Durbar, which the Governor General was to hold at that place, and at which the Rajah of Patteealla, with a number of Nawabs and Ranas of less note, were to be presented to his Lordship. Great preparations for this important ceremony had been making for some days previous; heaps of beautiful shawls were to be presented as Nuzzurs, and various contrivances in silver for *pán* boxes, and *uttur dans*, were raked out from the mysterious recesses of the Tosha Khana; for the purpose of pleasing the native eye, and provoking a suitable return. Nay, even elephants and horses had to be purchased by the Secretaries of the Foreign Office, for the sole purpose of being presented to these once mighty chiefs, alas, how fallen from their high estate!

I arrived at Kalka, where the first hostelry on the way down from Simla to the plains, is situated, about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and much regretted being too late to be a spectator of the procession formed by the Chiefs, headed by the Rajah of Patteealla, to meet the Governor-General, which I have since heard was one of the grandest sights ever witnessed in India. The two camps, that of the Governor-General and the Patteealla Rajah, were pitched very close together, between the outer range of hills, and the great Himalayas; and as I proceeded down from Kussowlie before daybreak, I could see in the far distance below, the bright lights flitting and flickering about the native camp. As the day began to dawn, I could trace distinctly the white tents of the Vice-regal camp, while to the right, a long straggling line of party-coloured canvas, marked the whereabouts of the native tents. Just as the sun was beginning to tinge the summits of the highest hills behind me, I marked a puff of white smoke from the native camp, then another; and a booming sound of heavy artillery announced the departure of the Rajah to meet the Governor-General! Another series of puffs of smoke, followed by less noise, told me that the Governor General was being civil enough to salute the Rajah—as he passed the camp; for the great man had not yet joined his camp, but was about leaving Kalka for that purpose. Shortly

after, as a turn in the hill-path hid both camps from my view, I heard other salutes, and the distant hum and drumming of a native procession—after which, all was still.

I duly arrived at Kalka, and found the road quite alive with Irregular Cavalry sowars, and mounted matchlock men, in scarlet and gold, or yellow worsted, I forget which, gallopping and clattering to and fro. Stately elephants were rolling lazily along towards the camp; carriages, of ancient build, gaudily decorated, and drawn by four horses, belonging to the Rajah, were in waiting, to convey ladies to the gay scene; and the whole line of road, as far as the eye could reach, was one moving mass of richly dressed natives, on elephants, on camels, on horseback, and on foot; the heat and dust, after the cool clear atmosphere of the hills I had just left, being the only drawback to a very novel and animated scene. About 4 o'clock P. M., an elephant was sent to carry me to the camp, and in about an hour I found myself in the middle of a crowd it is utterly impossible to describe, so numerous and various were the people and the costumes, collected together on the occasion. Proceeding along, as well as the elephant could convey me through the crowd, I soon reached the Rajah's camp, pitched on the right hand side of the road, while the Nawabs of Jheend and Naba, with several other chiefs, occupied the left. The Patteealla Rajah, and both the Nawabs, had artillery and cavalry with them, and I was much struck with the apparent order and discipline observed among them; the whole were admirably appointed. As I passed they saluted; that is, the sentries on duty saluted me, as they did every white face; and in the Nawab of Naba's camp there was a violent attempt at guard mounting got up for the occasion; a sort of Band consisting of English instruments, somewhat battered, in which the drums and key-bugles were most conspicuous, striking up as I drew near, a very discordant attempt at the National Anthem and Rule Britannia in one; as I approached, the troops in line presented arms, and highly appreciating the honor, I passed on.

The entrance to the Governor General's camp was soon reached, and its picturesque appearance formed a pleasing contrast to the badly arranged straggling array of tents I had just passed. Across the entrance of the centre street, which was pitched on soft turf, as if it had been prepared for the occasion, there was a line of yellow rails, through which ran red cords; the whole forming a neat barrier, guarded by a sepoy, to keep out the crowds of natives, who would otherwise have invaded the privacy of the great camp. On either side were ranged, pitched with the greatest nicety, four single-poled tents, in which were located the Aides-de-Camp and Surgeon; and beyond them were three double-poled tents, belonging to the Military and Private Secretaries to the Governor General, and the Secretary and Deputy Secretary to Government in the Foreign Department. The extreme end was entirely filled up by the Governor General's tents, the Durbar Tent in the centre, dining tent on one side, and sleeping tents on the other, extending also some distance in the rear. About twenty

paces in front of the Governor General's tent, stood the flag-staff, from which floated the British Ensign; and the camp gong was placed near it, both guarded by a sepoy of the escort. At the entrance of the Durbar Tent there were generally on duty four troopers of the Body Guard. Kunnauts were ranged continuously along between the tents, so that a neat compact wall of canvass was formed; in short, the camp seemed to have been pitched in one piece; and from the centre street, not a single tent belonging to the Escort, or any one of the hundreds in it, was visible. The hills in the fore ground, with an occasional glimpse of the Snowy Range beyond, formed a perfect picture, while immediately behind the Governor General's tents, a dark green hill, covered with a thick mass of luxuriant foliage, set off the camp to great advantage. The continual running to and fro of servants in scarlet and gold, the gay plumes of Staff Officers, the trampling of horses, and the busy hum of many voices in the far-off native camps—all so new to me, so different from the quiet and repose of the hills,—formed a scene at once picturesque and exciting. The tent in which I was quartered was close to the dining-room tent; and in the evening we were regaled with strains of soft music from the Governor General's Band during dinner, while the centre street was thronged with dark demoniac figures bearing a kind of trident, in the prongs of which were interwoven flaming torches, which flitted to and fro to light the way of guests and Aides-de-Camp to dinner.

The day after my arrival, was the day fixed for the grand Durbar at Pinjore, and about midday the preparations commenced. A troop of the Body Guard marched up the centre street, and filed off to the right of the Durbar tent,—a portion having taken their position inside the entrance. A Guard of Honor from the regiment on escort duty was also marched up with the regimental colours, and Secretaries and Politicals, in their full dress of blue and gold embroidery, with their unwieldy, unbecoming cocked hats, as well as Aides-de-Camp and other Staff Officers, all importance and glitter, were clattering to and fro, busy, making the most of themselves and their gay uniform. About 3 o'clock P. M. the Secretary Foreign Department, and one of the Aides-de-Camp, mounted an elephant, and preceded by a couple of sowars of the Irregular Cavalry, went out to conduct the Rajah to the camp. At the same time a salute announced that Chief's departure from his camp—ten minutes more, and the procession reached the entrance of the centre street; the Artillery in camp saluted, and preceded by led horses, richly caparisoned, and an almost endless string of attendants, the Rajah of Patteealla, mounted on a superb elephant, and surrounded by innumerable fierce looking Seikhs, marched up to the Durbar tent. On being conducted to the entrance, he was received at the edge of the carpet by the Commissioner of the Sirhind Division, and the Most Noble the Governor General advanced some distance, as far as the centre of the carpet, to meet him. He was conducted to a seat on the right of the Governor General, who, by the way, sat in the State Chair that once belonged to Run-

jeet Singh. The Foreign Secretary, who acted as Interpreter, and seemed to keep up an animated conversation with the Rajah for his own edification, occupied a seat to the right of the Rajah; and the Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by his Staff, occupied a chair immediately on the left of the Governor General. The tent was crowded by spectators, and the scene was most amusing. I was much struck with the simple, plain muslin dress of the Rajah, the only ornament he wore being a magnificent kind of tiara, composed of brilliants, which glittered above his fine forehead! He is a good looking native, apparently about 35 to 40 years of age, with a bushy black beard, and much to our surprise, seemed quite at home in the midst of so many pairs of eyes glaring on him. Behind his chair were two chowrie-wallas, who let fall their Yak tails ever and anon, as lightly as possible, over their Chief's head,—an example immediately imitated by a couple of white-bearded men, bearing horn-shaped affairs made of peacock's feathers and gold, which were thrust forward to supply the place of the chowries, with a view, as it seemed to me, to catch any flies or mosquitoes the chowries might have knocked over; but as they were thrust forward one on either side of the Rajah's head, and were, moreover, kept in a trembling motion, I conclude they are intended more for ornament than use. Two dwarfs accompanied the Rajah, one a most unseemly looking individual, and ill-proportioned, the other rather well made; they both carried silver sticks, and were called Durwans. Each of these worthies was honored with a shawl, which was wrapped round him by the Deputy Secretary, who, as he dispensed his favors, smiled blandly on all. The presents for the Rajah having been brought in and laid at his feet, (no less than forty-two pairs of shawls, scarfs, &c. in tea trays were arrayed before him,) the Governor General placed a diamond ring on his finger; and an odd looking pyramidal collection of coloured glass scent bottles, with silver tops, on a sort of silver dumb waiter, having been tendered as a useful souvenir to the Rajah, some little conversation was carried on, and interpreted, for the benefit of the Vice-Regal ears; after which pawn and uttur were handed round, and the great man withdrew, to make way for some minor Chiefs, who came flocking in, to lay their bows at the feet of Lord Dalhousie, and in most cases they laid something more valuable, in long rolls of cloth, about which no more need be said, than that, according to their length and capacity, the rolls are valued. All this time the Governor General's Band played lively airs, and the scene was very novel and interesting. What struck me as somewhat remarkable was the total absence of ladies, but on casting my eye round the Durbar Tent, I saw, at the back of the Governor General's State Chair, a square aperture in the tent canvass, which had been filled with blue gauze, very much resembling a lady's veil. On looking closer, I saw several pairs of bright eyes peering through the gauze; the owners of the said eyes being, in fancied security, observing all that was going on, little thinking they could be seen as plainly as they could themselves see.

The next day having been fixed for the return visit, I gladly availed myself of the offer of an elephant to see the show. With a pen it is impossible to describe the scene, and even with a pencil, and the most gaudy colours any attempt to do so would fall far short of the reality. At three o'clock the Governor General's elephant, with the magnificent silver State Howdah, followed by others, ornamented in a less costly manner, marched up the centre street to the entrance of the Durbar tent, where a troop of the Body Guard were already in waiting. Shortly after the Governor General appeared, and took his seat in the Howdah, the Staff and Politicals then mounted their elephants, and the procession moved forward, the Body Guard leading up the centre street of the Camp, the troops presenting arms, and the artillery firing a salute. On nearing the Native Camps, the Rajah of Patteealla, accompanied by the other Chieftains and followers, advanced to meet the Governor General, and conduct his Lordship to the Durbar. The sight was magnificent! There could not have been less than two hundred and fifty elephants in the procession, all more or less decorated; some with gorgeous silver howdahs and charjammas, and all wearing the most massive and curiously wrought jhools, heavy with gold and silver; some had their fine large tusks ornamented with gold rings, and embroidered head cloths, and on either side of the jhool was suspended a large bell, which sounded whenever the animal moved, and kept up a continual jingle, more wild and novel than it was musical. On each elephant sat one or more Chieftain in his richest and most gaudy costume, shaded from the sun's rays by a magnificent crimson umbrella, glittering with gold and silver, spangles and fringes. Besides these, there were almost countless elephants in the crowd of spectators, Native Sowars of Irregular Cavalry, Khalsa horsemen in superb chain armour, Matchlock men on camels and horses, and, as far as the eye could reach, the party-coloured sea of waving heads, belonging to the "Oi polloi," formed a scene of splendour seldom witnessed even in the gorgeous East.

The Patteealla Rajah, probably thinking that the more noise he made, the more honor he would confer on the Governor General, saluted with twenty four-pounder guns, and as they were ranged close to the road, the first discharge nearly stopped all sense of hearing amongst the leaders of the procession, and created a great commotion in the Body Guard; but, wonderful to relate, the troopers all kept their seats. On arriving at the Rajah's tent, the farce of presenting elephants, horses, shawls, jewels, &c., to the Governor General was gone through, and a vast sum of money thereby merely exchanged, as the presents given the day before to the Rajah were nearly, if not quite, equal in value to those given on this occasion to the Governor General. Amongst the latter was an accomplished horse, which, among other tricks, at the bidding of his syce, rolled himself up in a blanket, and suffered himself to be tied in a bundle, never moving a limb till he was released. I believe this sagacious animal was purchased from the Government Toshakana, by Lady

Dalhousie; for although the presents, or a large share of them, made to an affectionate husband, are generally devoted to his wife, in the present instance they go to Government, and whatever his Lordship or her Ladyship may fancy, has to be bargained for through the Foreign Office, at the valuation fixed by a Bengalee Baboo, who has charge of these treasures. Some of the presents were very handsome and valuable; but the horses, though fine, large, powerful looking animals, had scarcely a leg to stand upon.

The custom of presenting a bow and arrows was observed by every Chief present on the occasion. I afterwards heard that the Vice-Regal functionary had upwards of one hundred and fifty of these collected together, most of which will, in all probability, be made to ornament his Lordship's future residence in old England.

In the evening, there was a very fair display of fireworks in the Pinjore gardens, which were brilliantly illuminated. Amongst other notable things, there was a waterfall, rolling over a screen, in which were numberless recesses for lamps; the water falling in front of the lamps in a sparkling, glittering, clear, unbroken sheet, had a very beautiful effect. A succession of red fire balloons ascended during the evening, forming a complete arch in the heavens, and the whole concluded with another loud salute from the twenty-four pounders, and a great blow-up of all sorts of fireworks and mines in the garden, after which the whole party went back to Camp to dinner; and the next day a salute announced the breaking up of the native camps, and the departure of the Chiefs. Their visit must have been an expensive one, for, in addition to the usual outlay necessary for keeping up a large Camp, the Camp of the Governor General, escort and all, was furnished with supplies *gratis* during the halt at Pinjore,—a custom, for the indulgence of which, I rather more than suspect, the dependants of the Rajah suffer more in purse than he does himself.

Life in the Governor General's Camp on a march is by no means disagreeable; with everything in duplicate, there is not the slightest trouble: the servants do all the packing and unpacking of wine, stores and crockery, and all the sahib has to do is to mount his horse or elephant, and make the best of his way to the next encamping ground; the Assistant Quarter Master General and Assistant Commissary General being always one day in advance of the Camp, to prepare for the coming of the great man. An order book goes round every day, furnishing a chart of the next route, and particularizing any bad ground and obstacles in the shape of nullahs or rivers to cross: it also fixes the hour when the troops forming the escort will march, and when the first bugle is to sound, which is generally before daylight has glimmered; and a simultaneous hammering of tent pegs commences some hours before the first bugle sounds. Everything is done with a degree of order and regularity that reflects the highest credit on those who have the management.

Then comes the only bustle observable on the march. Camels undergoing the process of loading, growl and blobber out their complaints; horses neigh and scream;

bullocks roar, buffaloes grunt; servants and hackery drivers shout and halloo in all directions; dogs bark, elephants trumpet; and almost before the day has well dawned, the tents of the centre street are struck, and its inhabitants far on their way to the next ground, where, to all appearance, they find precisely the same tents standing, which they have just left far behind. And in many instances the ground wears the same aspect, it being a low, flat country, tolerably well cultivated, with very few trees to relieve the eye. We had an advantage in, as it were, "hugging" the Himalayas; we travelled along the foot of these hills, and scarcely lost sight of them for a day;—the beautiful dark outline shewing sometimes in the moonlight, and the occasional glimpses we caught of the peaks of the far-off Snowy Range, making us almost wish ourselves back again at Simla.

It is amusing to remark the line of road,—one never-ending stream of bipeds and quadrupeds bearing burdens. It is generally the case, that the detachment of Body Guard, and a couple of six-pounder guns of the Horse Artillery, head the cavalcade, or perhaps a wing of Irregulars, whose kettle drums, mounted on rampant steeds, are ever and anon struck, to clear the road for the troops. Then comes a string of elephants, carrying the Governor General's Band boys, and his Lordship's Cooks, six at a load! Camels in almost endless succession, bearing each a pair of trunks marked H. H., G. G., or C. D., full of wearing apparel, stores, &c.; covered carts drawn by four bullocks, carrying the records of the Foreign Office, others containing the treasures of the Toshakhana, strongly guarded; then perhaps the Regimental Treasure Chest on a Tumbril, or the Mess Plate Chest on a Camel, also well guarded by sepoys. Then comes the Regiment itself, its Officers mounted on all sorts of tattoos, or walking to warm themselves; here a coolie carrying a kettle or pot, there one carrying a basket, containing a wall-shade, or an argand lamp. Then come ponies laden with provender, straw and bundles of sundries; hackeries, buffaloes, mule carriages, palanquins, doolies, couches, tables, chairs, pittarahs, hat boxes, band boxes, baskets containing chikore, dens containing deer, and cages containing Moonal and Argus pheasants. Here comes a huge caravan covered with canvass, drawn by eight oxen, and marked "The Most Noble the Governor General." What can this possibly contain—surely not the great man himself? asks a wondering spectator; it looks as if it had been built after the fashion of the East India Company's Tea Waggons, for which the Commercial Road, London, was once famous; few who gaze upon its unwieldy proportions would imagine that it contains the silver State Howdah; but such is really the case, and as it travels slowly along, jolting in and out the ruts of the uneven road, and shaking itself violently from side to side, one is apt to wonder if the contents are liable to injury from breakage or bruises; fortunately, however, the interior is padded, and the Howdah seldom sustains any injury. Then comes a train of equirotals, palkee gharries, buggies, tumbrils, hackeries, palkees; and then again bipeds, camels, and elephants,

enough to form a procession from Pall Mall to Blackwall.

On entering and leaving the encamping ground, the Band of the Regimental Escort plays a march, and as the troops are generally first on the move, all who wish to be at the next ground early, and before the sun is high, take their cue from them. Whenever there is a halt, the Band plays in their own camp, and the march is occasionally enlivened by meeting another Regiment; when the junior Regiment presents arms, and the Bands play the National Anthem. About half a mile from the entrance of the Camp on the new ground, there is always a faqueer pitched, who beats a tom-tom, which can be heard sometimes three to four miles off; and notwithstanding the pleasure I experienced from the march, I confess it was always with great satisfaction I heard the beating of this drum, especially when the march was longer than usual. The Officers of the escort halt about half way and take coffee, and the troops are also halted half way between the encamping grounds, but it is only for ten minutes or so; the bugles sound, and they are on the march again before you can catch them up.

Some of the country we passed over was very beautiful, the scenery in most cases being wild and grand. Those who were fond of sporting, had ample means at hand for gratifying their passion; and many Officers of the escort rode on the night before, to have a "good long morning" of shooting. Game was plentiful enough, but not in the immediate vicinity of the Camp, although more than one deer and several hares were chased in the centre street of the Camp.

With little variation the time passed the same each day; unless there was something to see in the neighbourhood of the encamping ground, as was the case at Hurdwar and Roorkee, only a short halt of one or two days at most was made. The former place was quite new to me, and the latter was, from the rapid progress of the works, likely to afford me considerable interest. Hurdwar, with its ghauts, faqueers, its *Bail* trees, its temples, and its verdant hills, has been too often described by abler pens than mine. Suffice it, therefore, that no glowing description I had heard, or read, of its peculiarly wild scenery, was too highly coloured. I was not disappointed, but, on the contrary, the wild grandeur of this sacred spot, the almost dry, clear river, the green and the blue of the nearer hills, and beyond, the far-off peaks of the Snowy Range, seemed to surpass all that my imagination had ever pictured, or painter's pencil delineated.

Roorkee, the Birmingham of the North West Provinces, has also been often described. At the time we visited it, the first Locomotive Engine was about to start on a very primitive sort of railway along the bed of the canal. It did not start during our visit, but about fifteen days afterwards it literally "astonished the natives." The works at Roorkee College are on a very complete scale; every kind of scientific work is carried on with great precision. The model room is full of interesting items, and the workshops well worthy of a prolonged visit. But the great work at Roorkee is the aqueduct, which is certainly a most stupendous undertaking, and, to an unpractis-

ed eye, rather difficult of comprehension. Its ultimate success is, I was told, now reduced to a certainty.

After passing a few days at Roorkee, we proceeded onwards towards Hurdwar; the country gradually assuming a wilder appearance as we progressed. In many parts the road was a mere cattle track, and the whole of the camp equipage was straggling over the country in sublime confusion. On either side the grass rose to an enormous height, and the constant call of the chikore and black partridge, told that game was plentiful. The tree jungle too was much grander and more extensive, some of the trees stretching right across the road, and in many places rooted in the centre, where they had stood for ages. The hills were now very near, and we could see the Chandney temple at the Ghaut, distinctly, for some time before we reached Hurdwar. The occasional glimpses of the snow, apparently not many miles distant, were very beautiful, and the scene one of considerable interest to the admirer of Nature's handywork. As we approached Hurdwar, we met whole cavalcades of pilgrims returning in Bylees and Ekkas from the holy shrine, and many more were encamped near it. At length the well known tomtom of our own Camp faqueer was heard, and we soon found the "new ground" marked out in a beautiful spot that had been cleared for the purpose.

From Hurdwar, after a halt to see the "lions," the Camp moved on to Bojpore, famous, as far as I could learn, for nothing but high jungle, and a reputation for being the spot where Lord Hardinge killed his first tiger. It was soon whispered in Camp that the Most Noble the Governor General was about to try his luck; and the elephants were ordered to be in readiness the next day, at 6 A. M. The morning was bitterly cold, and the hoar frost lying thick on the ground. It was then made known that his Lordship was unwell, and would not go. The elephants were therefore sent back to their lines till 10 A. M. At 10 A. M. it was discovered that the gentleman who was to command the party, thought it better to wait till 12—so we waited, and about that hour a splendid line of about sixty-five elephants, and not less than twenty howdahs, containing many ardent sportsmen, in some instances two in each, entered the Bojpore jungles, in quest of the royal tiger, it having been explained by "Our Captain" that not a single shot was to be fired at aught else until *he* issued his mandate to that effect. Of course we saw whole herds of deer, and in open ground, where they dodged up and down the line of elephants, and could not break through; there would have been but little difficulty in filling our bags to overflowing; but the tiger saved their lives, for we would not fire a shot for fear of disturbing *him!* We had to cross the river in many places to get to certain islands, where it was confidently asserted that the royal animal resided, but after diligently beating several "likely spots" very patiently, we concluded that the right one was not yet found, and the Captain suggested that certain howdahs, with a few beaters, should remain posted in dry nul-

lahs, whilst he and the majority of the field should beat up some "very likely jungle" in the distance. The consequence was that our line became "small by degrees and beautifully less," and we progressed back again almost to the foot of the Hurdwar hills without seeing more than the foot-prints of the much-wished-for game. At last, as it was getting towards sundown and some of the young hands were becoming impatient to have a crack at something, "Our Captain," benevolence sparkling in his eye, consented to allow us to fire at anything that turned up, and then commenced a series of platoon firing seldom surpassed. Deer, peafowl, pigs, partridge, jungle fowl, and quail, all fell in succession,—somewhat slowly I confess, considering the number of howdahs, and the number of shots fired, but, once commenced, there was no stopping them, and the jungle resounded with the din of firing. After exhausting an immense quantity of Pigou and Wilks,—or was it a case of Walker? [as a certain wag said, doubtless alluding to the powder]—it all at once struck "Our Captain" that certain detached parties might possibly be still awaiting our return in the dry nullah! So we went with all speed in that direction, and there found our patient, long-suffering friends, taking it coolly under the trees,—man, mahout, syces, and elephants all fast asleep, and some impertinent paddy birds, with a water wagtail or two, attracted to the spot by the novel visitors, taking a quiet survey of them from the water's edge. It was necessary to offer some apology for our apparent rudeness and selfishness, but on hearing that we had not even seen any more of a tiger than they had, our friends did not seem to regret having been selected for detached duty. They then rejoined us, and we proceeded quietly to camp, shooting whatever fell in the way as we went along. From the character I have since heard of the elephants forming our line, I have every reason to be thankful that we did not see a tiger; as if we had, it is universally opined that every elephant would have turned tail and bolted, in which case some of our heads would have suffered, for the jungle was very heavy.

We arrived in camp about 5 P. M., covered with the seeds of the long grass, which made us appear as if we had been in a snow-storm. Of course there were not wanting those who had a good laugh at our blank day at Bojpore, but we were none of us a bit the worse for it. The next morning the camp crossed the river to Aseergurh; and I left the tent about 5 A. M. for "home," having to travel by a cross dawk through extensive jungles. I confess that I never passed a month away more pleasantly; and the kindness and hospitality I met with in the Governor General's Camp, will be long remembered with gratitude.

ORIGIN AND PRESENT STATE OF THE "CONTINGENT FORCES" OF THE SEVERAL NATIVE GOVERNMENTS.

1st.—Mysore Contingent.

This is the oldest contingent force in India, to whose services the British Government is entitled. It now, I believe, consists of 4,000 cavalry, and was established through the treaty of Seringapatam; and although for the extent of the force it has performed better service to us than either of the other contingents, yet less pains has been taken to place it in an efficient condition. It performed good service with the Duke of Wellington in Berar, in the campaign of 1803-4, against the Mahrattas, and again in the campaign of 1817-18, in Malwa, with the Army of Sir Thomas Hyslop. On the latter occasion, the Cavalry was placed under the controul of a British Officer, who could not of course pretend to introduce anything like discipline into their ranks, and he was withdrawn on the termination of the war, when the Cavalry returned to the authority of the Native Government. When we took upon ourselves the management of the Mysore country, Colonel Conway was for a time employed to introduce some greater degree of regularity into the Contingent Cavalry; the same degree of inefficiency and disorder was found to prevail, as elsewhere, when establishments of this kind are left in the hands of natives; and Colonel Conway was proceeding to register the men and horses, and to establish some more regular code of paying the troops under his own superintendence, when his appointment, which originated with the Madras Government, was annulled by the Governor General, and he returned to his former situation of Adjutant General of the Army. Since that time the Silladar horse have been under the superintendence of Captain Hunter, of the Madras Cavalry; but of course it is impossible, without the usual complement of officers, that any discipline can be introduced into their ranks. I have not seen any of this body of Cavalry for nearly 20 years; they were then underpaid; consequently badly mounted, badly armed, and badly clothed and appointed; and in this condition I believe they continue still. Without discipline they are of course unfit to take their place in line, or to act with our troops in the field; and half the number of Cavalry, well commanded, mounted, and disciplined, would necessarily, in any military operation, be more valuable to us, than the whole 4,000, supposing that they are kept up, or can be furnished, at this strength. For preserving the peace of the country, or for police duties, they are perhaps as efficient in their present condition, and better suited, than they would be in any other.

2nd.—Nizam's Contingent.

When the ravages of the Pindarees extended to almost all the countries of India, and the Nizam's horse, (although consisting

of a large body, costing the State an enormous sum of money, and nominally themselves highly paid,) were found quite useless in protecting Berar and the Upper Deccan from their depredations; it was proposed by Captain Sydenham, the then Political Agent at Aurungabad, supported by Mr. Russell, the Resident at Hyderabad, and resolved by the Supreme Government in 1806; to place a body of these troops, consisting of 4,500 men, under the general command of Captain Davis; and that a British Officer should be attached to each of the divisions, three of these being 1,000 and the fourth 1,500 strong. Each division was registered; man and horse told off into squadrons and half squadrons; and measures were adopted through which that most important of all things, the regular monthly distribution of pay, should take place under the superintendence of their European Officers. But little discipline was at first attempted. The prospect of promotion for gallantry in the field, the certainty of provision for those disabled in action, and that horses killed in that situation would be paid for by Government; these, with the noble example held out to the men of personal gallantry and devotion by Captain Davis and the other officers; very soon proved, that even with this degree of discipline, they could beat two or three times their own numbers of the horse commonly met with in this country. Portions of this Cavalry served with most of the divisions of the Army of the Dekkan with distinguished fidelity and gallantry, and received the thanks of the Marquis of Hastings for their services, on various occasions, but particularly in his Excellency's address to the Army, on the termination of the war. From that period up to this time, the Cavalry have undergone various modifications. But they now form a separate Brigade, commanded by a Brigadier of the 1st Class, having a Brigade Major and Pay Master, consisting of four Regiments, each comprising a Captain Commandant, an Adjutant, and a Surgeon, a Resildar, eight Jemadars, thirty-two Duffadars, 32 Naick Duffadars, and 480 horsemen. The four Regiments consist of sixteen squadrons, and number 2,227 sabres.

Inquiries into the condition of the Nizam's Cavalry, before the reform was entered on, showed that the pay of the individual horsemen ranged from 55 to 45 Hyderabad Rs. per mensem, none being below the latter sum; but this included deductions on account of Officers and other charges, which reduced the lowest rate of pay to 40 rupees, and that was the amount fixed upon, exclusive of the pay of Officers, but which, including their pay, makes the cost to Government average about 45 Rs. a man per mensem, the Brigade costing something more than 12 lacks per annum. The cost of the Bengal Cavalry is 54 Rs., that of Madras 75 Rs., and that of Bombay 73 Rs.; but everywhere these charges are exclusive of stabling, the cost of arms, repairs of arms, camp equipage, and commissariat, neither of which charges are borne by Government, when the Cavalry are Silladar. The field discipline of Cavalry of this description can be brought to as great perfection as that of any Cavalry in India; and Major General Sleigh, in his tour of inspection of

the Cavalry and Horse Artillery of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, and of the Nizam's Cavalry; reported most favourably on the field and internal discipline and efficiency of the Regiments of Nizam's Cavalry, saying that Captain Keir, by whom the Brigade at Mominabad was then commanded, had given him as good a field day as he had ever seen in India.

In addition to these four Regiments, there is also a fifth regiment of Cavalry, which originally belonged to the Ellichpore Brigade, for the payment of which Brigade, Nawab Sahabut Khan had territory assigned to him by the Nizam's Government. When that arrangement failed, by his not paying the troops, this Regiment, and the rest of the Brigade, fell into the same condition as the rest of the Hyderabad Contingent; but the Regiment was differently organized, and has continued on that footing to this day; that is, it is recruited and appointed much in the same way as our Regular Cavalry, but being in itself formed on different principles, this organization will not be found so congenial to the tastes of the native officers and men, as that which prevails in the other four Regiments. The essential difference between Cavalry of this description, and the Regular Cavalry of the Company, is, that they are mounted on horses furnished by individuals on contract, the contractor riding one of the horses himself, and having the remainder ridden by his brethren, or men selected by himself, called Bargeers, but who are passed into the service *as ready-formed horsemen*, after the minutest enquiries into their character and qualifications by the officers of the Regiment. About two-thirds of the amount allowed by Government, go to the maintenance of the horse, and his appointments of every kind, and the remainder to the Bargeer, or rider: out of this he is bound to maintain himself, to furnish his clothing, appointments and arms. Where then the Bargeer is selected by the Government, or the Officers of the Regiment, and not by the Silladar; a division is at once created in the chain, by which a service of this kind always hangs together. The Silladar's horse is used for the purpose of forming an untrained recruit, whose relation to the Silladar himself has been destroyed. Disunion is thus produced, and this I conceive must be the condition of the Regiment of Regular Cavalry in the Nizam's Contingent. The Nizam's Contingent, consisting, as has been above shown, of five Regiments of Cavalry, four Companies of Artillery, a small Engineer Corps, eight Regiments of Infantry, and having also a Garrison Battalion, and a Corps of Invalids; is now, and always has been, by far the most perfect thing of the kind that has been attempted; and may and ought to be taken as a sample by which to form all the other Contingents of the States of India.

A few years ago, it cost the Nizam's Government 35 lacks of rupees per annum, but the cost is now considerably below that sum: the only thing required to render it perfect, is a system through which to secure, independently of the native government, its regular payment.

It was at one time settled that the pay of this force should be

the first charge on the revenues of Berar, which, until that purpose was fulfilled, should not be otherwise applied; but that engagement has been departed from, whilst none other, so good, has been substituted; and this almost army is now dependant for its daily bread on our influence at Hyderabad, to squeeze out of the Native Government the pay of the troops, which is generally four or five months in arrears.* Many favourable opportunities have been lost, of negotiating some inviolable system of payment, and until this shall have been done, no one can feel that this important branch of the service is on a secure and satisfactory footing. The best measure would be the transfer to us in perpetuity, of a portion of the Nizam's country,—equal to the payment of the Force; but it would be sufficient that the revenues of a tract of country, equal to that object, and to be managed by His Highness' own Officers, should be assigned for this purpose, and not to be otherwise applied or touched.

3RD.—SCINDIAH'S CONTINGENT.

THIS Contingent has its origin in the Gwalior treaty of November 1817, by which the Durbar stipulated to furnish 5,000 Cavalry in two detachments, to serve with the several divisions of our Army, for the subversion of the Pindarees, and all other freebooters; each detachment to be under the controul of a British Officer. For the payment of these troops, His Highness agreed to relinquish for three years, the life-stipends payable to himself, and the several members of his family, by the British Government; and for two years the tribute, which we are bound to levy from the Rajpoot States on his account; any surplus of either amount in excess to the pay of the troops to be afterwards accounted for: but as this treaty was forced on Scindiah by the position of two of the divisions of our own Army on his frontier, the one consisting of 12,500 men under the command of the Marquis of Hastings, and the other of 7,000, and as it was to a late period of the season doubtful, whether Scindiah would take part in the Mahratta confederacy, which had been formed, or remain true to his obligations to us; it was not to be expected that these troops would be given over to our authority with good will, or that they would be very useful or obedient to us.

Accordingly it was not until the 27th of February 1818, that 2,000 horse could be persuaded to make their first march from Gwalior: they were of the worst description of Mahratta cavalry; some of them were described as little better than grass-cutters mounted on their tattoos; some of the men without arms, and the horses without saddles. The principal operations of the campaign had been carried through, before even these took the field; and in its minor affairs, except in subduing the refractory within His Highness' territory, it does not appear that the Cavalry were useful to us; such, we may be sure, will be, and we know has been, the result, when we place

* The Contingent received its pay for November 1851, on the 9th of June 1852.—ED.

dependance for assistance on the armies of our allies, unless those armies have been, before hand, organised by ourselves.

From the unsettled condition of Malwa, of Ketchawarra, and even of countries nearer to Gwalior, as well as from the conflicts of a more domestic character, which frequently occurred at the Durbar, it was found important to both Governments to have the command of the services of such a body of troops; and they continued under charge of British Officers after the period stipulated in the treaty. The funds originally set aside for their payment proved insufficient, and a debt of 15 lakhs of rupees was incurred, for the liquidation of which, the revenues and the management of territories in Kandeish and in the Saugor country were assigned to us, until these revenues, amounting to 1,35,000 a year, should pay it off. Credit was taken for the amount of the debt on the settlement of accounts on the 5th of November 1828; but still the territory and its revenues were allowed to remain in our possession, for the purpose originally stipulated.

The stipends however gradually fell in to our Government, or were lost to the Contingent. First, on the death of the Maharajah and his daughter, four lakhs were lost, and then the Baiza Baie's two lakhs; when, on the termination of her Regency, that sum was required for her own support.

Then remained only the tributes, Rs. 3,42,000, and the revenues of the Kandeish and Saugor districts Rs. 1,35,000: and when the discussion arose as to the expediency of establishing the small remainder of the Contingent on a permanent footing, and transferring the funds permanently to us, the Durbar started the question of restoring the territory and its revenues, and leaving the remainder only permanently in our hands, for the maintenance of troops.

After a long discussion, it was finally agreed that the tributes should be given up permanently; that the Saugor districts, whose revenues were estimated at 70,000, should remain in our possession; and that the Kandeish districts should be restored to the Durbar. Their revenues estimated at 73,000 rupees, being paid to us by the Durbar, six months in advance, so that we might always have the funds for the payment of the troops in our own hands; or failing this, that we should appropriate the Kotah and Oonaiser tributes payable through us, to that purpose. The funds for the payment of the Contingent thus standing as follows:—

Tribute from		Kotah, ...	1,06,118
,,	,,	Seven Kotees, ...	10,998
,,	,,	Joudpore, ...	1,04,004
Collections from		Gurree Kohter,...	35,000
,,	,,	Mallhone, ...	20,000
,,	,,	Juwal Chupra, ...	90,000
,,	,,	Rutlem and Salanah	1,21,380
			4,87,500

These matters settled, the next question was, how this sum could be expended in the maintenance of troops, most advantageously

for our interests, and those of Scindiah's Government. It was supposed that the eleven hundred horse which remained, and which this sum would pay, might not be sufficient to maintain itself under all circumstances of probable occurrence in so extensive a field; and there was also considered a plan for transferring a portion of the Cavalry to the Durbar, and in their stead raising a good regiment of Infantry, and a company of Artillery. The Resident was, after some further discussion with Government, desired to organize the force, in conformity with his own suggestion. He stated at the time, that he was sensible that the several arms of the Force would bear no just proportion to one another, but for this he saw at present no remedy. It was important to throw back on the Durbar as few horse as possible, and the number transferred was equal to the pay of only one Regiment of Infantry and a Company of Artillery.

The Kandeish lands were restored to the Durbar as the means of gaining its consent to the reform of the Contingent,—a measure highly condemned by the Home Government, who sent out instructions to endeavour to recover the district at any price. These districts, when made over to us, yielded a revenue of 1,35,000, but, under our management, increased to upwards of 200,000 rupees, which was the total given, when we restored it to Scindiah in 1837: thus we sacrificed upwards of 60,000 rupees a year, and what was worse, did a grievous injustice to the people.

The established strength of the reformed Contingent was a Regiment of Cavalry, consisting, as they do at present, of a Captain Commandant, a Captain 2nd in Command, an Adjutant, 400 British Levies, and 200 Mahratta Horse.

A Light Field Battery, under a Captain Commandant, armed with two long 9-pounders, and two 24-pounder howitzers.

A Regiment of Infantry consisting of a Captain Commandant, 2nd in Command, and an Adjutant and 640 bayonets.

The Cavalry receive 30 Chandaree rupees a month, the Artillery and Infantry receive the same pay as corresponding ranks in the Company's Army. It may not be inappropriate to remark that the salaries of the European Officers in employ under the Mahratta Government are greater than those given by any other independent Native State.

4TH.—MALWA CONTINGENT.

This Contingent has its origin in the treaty of Mundasoor, of January 1818, by the 9th Article of which, Holkar stipulated to retain in his service, ready to cooperate with our troops, a body of not less than 3,000 horse, for whose regular payment a suitable arrangement must be made. No reform, until lately, has been attempted in any portion of this Contingent; nor has it been officered in a manner to render its services very important to us, for any other purpose than that of maintaining the peace of Malwa, and in many respects of performing, what may be considered, the police duties of that province. United with the Malwa Contin-

gent are 600 select horse, whose services we are entitled to, through the 12th Article of the same treaty, from Nawab Guffer Khan, whose possessions, formerly held unaided from Holkar, we guaranteed in perpetuity to his family, on condition of maintaining this select body of horse, in constant readiness for service, to be increased in strength too, as the resources of the districts granted to him should increase. This body of Cavalry, properly commanded by native chiefs, acting under the authority of the only two European officers who have ever belonged to it, should have been sufficient to preserve the tranquillity of Malwa, and doubtless they have done much toward that end; but that country always has been, till lately, in a very unsettled state: they, and the Bhopal and Scindiah's Contingent, have however saved us from the necessity of calling on our troops into active service from either of our stations at Mhow or Neemuch, except some short time against the Bheels; and when a portion of the Contingent, under Captain McMahon's command, in the attack and destruction of Laljee Potail, in 1831-32, certainly prevented a very general rising against us in that country.

It appears to me that much of the usefulness of this body of Cavalry has been sacrificed by placing it under the command of an officer having important political duties to perform, which must have rendered his attention to the discipline and efficiency of this body of troops, of very inferior importance in his eyes. To remedy this in some degree, the Contingent has, in the course of late years, been broken into two divisions; and one of them removed from Mehidpore to Rajwas, a place situated on the high road between Sarungpore and Shahjehanpore,—a part of the country which had continued in a very disturbed state, until this movement was made. A degree of reform has been carried into effect, and this portion of the Contingent is well armed, well mounted, and disciplined.

The two Contingents have again been united and organized, as far as circumstances would admit, after the model of Scindiah's Contingent.

5TH.—JOUDPORE LEGION.

By the 8th Article of the treaty of Joudpore, dated 6th of January 1818, Maharajah Mân Sing stipulates to " furnish 1500 horse for the service of the British Government, whenever required." Some doubts arose amongst the authorities of our own Government, as to the interpretation which should be given to this article of the treaty; whether it was meant that the services of these 1500 horse should always be at our disposal, or whether it was meant that they should only occasionally be called into operation, in case of war, or other contingencies, rendering it desirable to employ them for a time. In addition to this Contingent, Joudpore was, like many other subordinate states, bound by the same article of the same treaty, to furnish the whole of the forces of the State, to serve with the British army, except such as were required for its own internal administration.

The tone maintained by Raja Mân Sing towards us, had always been of so unfriendly a nature, that when, in 1832-33, we were collecting our force to subdue the refractory in Shekawattee, and another for service against the Nuggur Parkur and other plunderers, it seems to have been resolved to enforce co-operation on his part, according to the letter of the treaty. He furnished on the one account 1500 horse, and on the other 500 horse and 1000 foot; but both parties so badly equipped, and so ill-disposed, that the least that could be said of them was, that they failed in the performance of their duty, and the supposition generally was, that in the latter service they acted treacherously.

The obligation under which Joudpore was to furnish troops, whatever might be the right way of interpreting it, has since been commuted into a money-payment, amounting to something less than 1,20,000, which may be considered equal to the pay of 1500 horse of this description, for four months in the year; and a Legion has accordingly been formed to the extent which this sum will maintain, and placed under the command of British Officers. But it is under-paid, and not organized on those true Military principles, which alone can render troops useful to us in the day of our difficulty, or creditable to us at any time. The Legion is however advantageously posted on the line of our communication between Rajpootana and Guzerat, in which situation it cannot fail to be useful in keeping open that communication, and in preserving the peace of the country.

This Legion consists of a Regiment of Cavalry, and one of Infantry, with three European Officers attached.

6TH.—BHOPAL CONTINGENT.

By the 6th Article of the treaty of Bhopal, of February 1818, the Nuwab stipulates to furnish 600 horse and 400 infantry for the service of the British Government when required; and to mark its sense of his zeal and fidelity in our cause, and to enable him to maintain the stipulated Contingent; five mahuls, which he had conquered in the course of the war, from the Peshwar, were granted in perpetuity to Bhopal, by the 10th Article of the same treaty.

The services of such a body of troops were not likely to be very useful to us, and in 1824, the important measure was here adopted of reforming the Contingent. It was placed under the command of an European Officer, with whom the monthly distribution of pay, and the promotion of its several ranks, were to rest; but in order that the several arms should harmonize with one another, it was necessary to relinquish the services of a portion of the Cavalry, and the numbers were fixed at 300, the Infantry at 673, to which were attached two 6-pounders, with a proportion of Artillery-men. During late years, a reform has been introduced; the force has been reduced in numbers, but rendered more efficient by being better armed and equipped.

The funds for the payment of this force only amount to about 1,20,000 rupees a year, and the Political Agent, and the Officer commanding it, are so miserably pinched in their resources—there being no reserved fund to meet contingencies—that they cannot enter on any measure of improvement requiring the smallest outlay; whilst the districts so gratuitously assigned to Bhopal, are said to yield a revenue of about four lakhs of rupees per annum.

There is no doubt that troops in this position, within the territories of a native state, and under the command of British Officers, should be of the very first quality as to field and internal discipline; instead of being an almost bad imitation of our own Local Regiments, to draw a comparison between things very different in themselves.

Like small tracts of country in such situations managed by us, they should afford an example of our wisdom, the origin of our strength and power; and when occasion offered, show a lesson of the immeasurable superiority of disciplined over undisciplined troops. There is no danger that any of the natives of this country, as we now find them, will have either the industry, or perseverance, or honesty, so to copy from us in this respect, as to render their discipline formidable to our power. Half the number of good troops would, in such a position, be better than the whole of those we now maintain at Sehore; for I can never understand that it is the duty of our Contingents, under British Officers, to take the part of the Police within the territories of Foreign States.

L.

(To be continued.)

STANZAS.

Farewell! Farewell,
I may not meet thee more,
Till from this earth our spirits upward soar,
In heaven to dwell.

Yet unto me
The memory of past happy days,
Shall beam upon me like the sun's last rays
Upon the sea.

Whose fitful gleam
Lights for a while the deep profound,
Gilding each green and sparkling wave around,
Then fades like to a dream.

D. M. C.

LINDENSTOWE.

A TALE.

> "Serene will be our days, and bright,
> And happy will our nature be,
> When love is an unerring light,
> And joy its own security."
>
> Wordsworth.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VII.

When Fred. returned from the Hall, he brought back the report of the Doctor who had come over thus early from Hastings to visit the patient. It was not a favourable one. Emily was exceedingly weak: her sleep, which had been heavy, seemed to have left her utterly exhausted rather than refreshed, so that apprehensions were more serious than they had been at first. Delafield at once determined to return to London, and postpone his visit till another occasion. Arthur also was proposing to leave, but Fred. begged him not to do so, but the rather to stay, as in this trial, friendly converse and solace would be doubly valued.

After breakfast the three friends started for the Hall—Claude to take leave of Mr. Everett. Whilst Fred. took Delafield into his father's library, Arthur went into the drawing-room. There was no one there. He almost instinctively moved up to the little work-table at which Emily usually sat. Her work and a few books lay on it, just as she had left them.

He took up a volume. It was a beautifully bound little copy of Tasso. On the fly leaf was written, in an elegant clear hand, the single word, "Madonna!" and just beneath was penciled in writing, which Arthur remembered to be that of Miss Mills, "Santa Carolina Mia!" He carelessly looked over the pages. By chance he observed a passage marked with a pencil line—it was this:—

> "Ahi crudo amor! ch'equalmente n' sucide
> L'assenzio e'l mel che tu fra noi dispensi."

His imagination immediately begun to work. Why should these lines have struck the reader more than others? It was nothing that there was no sort of connexion between the passage and the circumstances of himself and Emily—it was nothing that there was no evidence Emily had made the mark—it was nothing that the beauty of the words might easily have suggested a note of mere admiration in no way indicative of the personal feelings of the reader. No, it must be Emily, she must be in love, she marked the passage, because it coincided with the pleasurable melancholy of a maiden's love, because it hinted at the sweet and the bitter, the hope and the fear, alike fatal to the young heart's peace! Yes; it must be so; in love; and with whom?

He turned over the leaves in all directions hastily to look for other marks: there did not seem to be any. He shook the book; there might be a paper of notes somewhere in it. A flower fell out. He picked it up; it was a poor, flat, and faded shadow of a flower now, but it had been a little pink hedge flower. He remembered he had plucked such a one some nights since when walking with Emily, and had asked her its name. Just then Fred. came into the room; their common friend was going off by the coach; so they started to accompany him to the lodge gate by the high road. Claude was moody and abstracted: the coach drove up; he wished good bye in a downcast voice, and took his seat. The last time he had come down, he had been much struck with Caroline; within the last year he had had a large increase of income from the death of his father, and he had left the Government office, and been admitted as a junior partner in the influential house of which his father had been head. He was therefore in a position to marry, and very wisely also wishing to do so. There appeared no reason why he should not be successful in asking Caroline's hand; she seemed to like him, and the match would be a reasonable one.

But circumstances happened to dismiss him, without offering him any opportunity of coming forward. So the coach drove him off to another scene and another destiny.

He determined to spend his holiday with an old Uncle in Yorkshire, where, being for a few weeks thrown habitually with a brilliant and accomplished cousin, he was soon prostrate at her feet. He loved, wooed, and won her; and five or six months from the day he departed in blue devils from Norbourn gate, he was starting for the continent with his fascinating bride by his side. So small seem to us sometimes the causes which influence in its most important points, our fate in life!

In three days Emma seemed a little better. Arthur was most anxious to see her, possessed as he now thought he was of some proofs of her love. This was soon granted him—and she was well enough to leave her room, and once again he pressed her thin hand, and sat by her side and listened to her sweet but broken voice. She had told him, when there seemed no reason for believing it to be a true instinct, that she had a presentiment of death, and now, when a dangerous accident had happened, and that coming event appeared really to be casting its black shadow before, she seemed, strange delusion! to believe she should recover and live. Perhaps, nay, rather let us say certainly, this hallucination, which all must have observed, is kindly sent, but the little anticipations of restored health, the little dreams of happiness still in reserve, the few smiles of hope and the few words of cheerfulness—these, when death has once silenced them all with his stern negative, are amongst the saddest thoughts, at the memory of which tears can ever start to the eyes of the survivors. Emily was certainly a little stronger, and the Doctor was most anxious to take advantage of the circumstance, to get her down to a warmer climate. He proposed Torquay, in Devonshire. Arthur knew the place well, and offered his services as an avant

courier to take a house. This proposal was gladly accepted, and in a few days poor Emily, with the Mother, Caroline and Fred., were settled in a pretty villa surrounded with a beautiful garden, which Arthur had chosen for them. Georgiana went home, and Mrs. Everett and George stayed for a while at Norbourn. Shortly after, Arthur returned to his parsonage, but he frequently heard from Fred. The accounts were unfavorable; Emily was sinking; the languors were increasing, and there seemed no power of rallying. As Gilston was only 20 miles from Torquay, in about three weeks' time Arthur went in for a few days to see the Everetts. He called at their house, and was shown into the drawing-room. Mrs. Everett was there alone; she was sitting straight up on the sofa, with her eyes cast down and motionless. She did not speak or move when Arthur entered the room, and he sat down quietly opposite her. At last he asked gently if there was any improvement to-day. Mrs. Everett raised up both her arms, and rocking herself to and fro, cried two or three times in a shrill yet whispered voice of agony, "I shall lose my child—I shall lose my child." Had she been an hysterical woman, given to scenes and smelling bottles, she would still, in such affliction, have demanded sympathy, but need not have awoke pathos; but that calm matron, with her plain, honest mind, her regulated but warm affections, to see her in the throes of this bitter moment,—to see this heart so silent in its love, so placid in its constancy, stirred to its deepest fountains, O God! it was not a thing to be forgotten. Arthur rose to leave her, but recovering herself, she begged him to stay, as Emily was going out in a Bath chair, and "You can go too," she said; "the poor girl would like it." Presently after, the chair arrived, and Arthur went down and waited at the front door. In a few minutes Emily was carried out in George's strong arms, for both he and his father had now joined the party. She put out her emaciated hand to Arthur, and smiled faintly. He walked by the side of the chair: he knew he must not talk to her, as she was to be quite calm and quiet when she was out, but still he was near her, and that silent walk lived for years after on his remembrance. When they returned and the Bath chair stopped again at the door, Emily seemed indisposed to move for a minute or two, and to wish to look at the prospect. And indeed a fairer scene is not rarely to be seen; the slope of the lawn was covered with a verdure seldom found so near the sea, and it was girt with beautiful shrubs which shut out all view of the town; but over their tops stretched the Bay, dancing in gems of light—a boat at some distance, with all sails spread, lay as if it was asleep; and a boy's voice, who was singing in it, came quite distinctly to the ear—the hazy gleam hung on the opposite coast, and softened the bluff outline of Berry Head. Emily's cheek was drawn, which gave her naturally a melancholy look; but still her eye was calm and subdued, and though hope had now faded from it, there was the gentle fire of patience burning dimly there. She sat gazing on the beautiful scene for a while, then turning to Arthur—and the na-

tural tears of earth now trembled in her lids—she said, "The Agony was in a Garden!" Brief words indeed! but not forgotten by those who caught them, for they were hallowed in after memory as some of the latest those lips were to utter.

At a place like Torquay, where so many come in the advanced stages of consumption, and where death is so frequent, there is a certain familiarity amongst the trades-people and others, with the subject, and a certain common place, but not intentionally heartless way of alluding to it, that astonishes a stranger. The morning after the walk, Arthur was going early to inquire what sort of night the patient had had. As he was nearing the house, a baker's boy, with a basket at his back, who I suppose had seen Arthur with the Everetts, stopped him and said, "Please, sir, it's no use your going."

"Why not?" asked Arthur, forgetting the strangeness of the boy's abrupt address, in his anxiety to hear any news of the poor girl.

"Because," answered the lad, "they died at Arcadia at 4 o'clock this morning—cook says—very pleasantly."

Just then a phaeton pulled up in the road, and a stout, troubled man, with a watch in his hand, strode out towards Chester.

"Miss Everett's gone—rather sudden but calm—mother and sister tranquil—heard from your father, Mr. Chester? my compliments when you write—I say—Sir Andrew Martext is at the Hotel—I saw his name in the book last night—cold meat on Sundays, and no more clean boots till further notice—ha! ha! ha!"

With this the stout man strode into his phaeton again, and the great Litchfield and his watch, and a vast fund of medical knowledge, were removed from sight. Arthur hurried back to his inn, and having written a few words of sympathy to Fred., hired a boat, and sailed far out beyond the Bay. And a whole long day he was out on the sea—scarcely in sight of land, which lay along the horizon like clouds. He was not stunned; he was not borne down by his feelings—he was sad with a sadness which filled his eyes with warm tears, and his heart with overflowing pathos.

And well he knew—that day, how meet a companion for all our moods, is the everlasting sea!

If I mention how young Harvey Everett bore the shock, I would not convey the impression that he was not affected—for indeed he was particularly attached to Emily; but still how he passed the time of mourning was characteristic. He sent to the Library, and got all the funeral orations and books on death he could meet with, and sat down steadily to read them. He did it, if I may so say, to master the subject, but it was unconsciously wise in another sense—for how gracious a consoler employment is!

As Harvey is not likely to appear much in this narrative again, I may relate another anecdote of him here, and the more so, as it occurred at this time during the few dark days before the funeral. He and his father (the other two brothers had gone out privately on the sea) took the advantage of early morning to get out of the curtained and oppressive house, and walk on the shore. Harvey

was moody and distressed—sorrow was making his resolution flag a little. At last he murmured out—

"A few shells on the beach—a few shells on the beach—I don't like that."

"What do you mean?" asked his father.

"Why, he unriddled the Heavens," answered Harvey, and accumulated vast masses of knowledge on many subjects."

"My dear Harvey, explain yourself," said Mr. Everett.

"Why, father," said Harvey, "Sir Isaac Newton said that all he had done was to pick up a few shells on the beach, and to catch a glimpse of the sea. What!" he continued to himself, and looking down the Bay as he spoke—"life, health, hope, every thing given up to the pursuit, and the end a few shells, and a glimpse of a boundless sea! I hope it is not true!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was the same year as that with some of whose summer events we have been made acquainted, and an autumn day in London about the time of afternoon, when a young man of somewhat gentlemanly bearing, though in worn and shabby clothes, was walking with the faltering step of extreme illness down Russell Square. He seemed scarcely conscious where he was going, and took no notice of the passers-by, but keeping close by the area-railings, staggered along as well as he could in the direction of Mr. Lattimer's house. Once indeed he did stop a little gentleman with black gloves, and a roll in his hand like music, and asked him for an orange; but it was in so strange a voice, and the eyes of the speaker seemed to gaze so wildly on vacancy, that the little gentleman, with a timid movement, accelerated his pace without answering. The uneven steps had now reached Mr. Lattimer's door, and still continued their course for a house or two beyond, when the young man stopped and looked about him for a minute as if he was puzzled, and then turned back again. Mr. Lattimer's door was unlatched—he entered, and feebly climbing up stairs, went into a bed-room on the drawing-room floor, which was usually occupied by any guest who might be staying in the house. The footman, who had been for a moment into the area of the next house, as the wont of footmen is, was surprised on his return to find the door he had left just ajar, wide open; and footmarks on the oil cloth in the Hall and on the stair carpet. In fear that some daring thief had slipped into the house, following the marks, he rushed up stairs and into the bed-room to which they led. What was his astonishment at finding a young man stretched on the floor! He went up, and seizing the intruder, shook him violently, but to no purpose, for insensibility had come on, and you might as well have shaken the dead. The servant, not knowing what to do, was running down to give an alarm, and to fetch the Police, when he met Mr. Lattimer coming in. He hurriedly told his master what had happened, and that a stranger was lying in the

house. It was a stranger to this servant, who had not been long in the family, but to poor Lattimer, when he had ascended to the room—the familiar form of Alban Hescott. Thus they met, after many months' estrangement. Supposing Alban at first to be drunk, Mr. Lattimer was very angry, and loudly called to the servant to fetch a Constable; but looking in the face of the prostrate man, and taking up his burning hand, it was evident illness was upon him: so pity took the place of anger, and the first order was changed to that of fetching the Doctor. Lattimer lifted up Alban and laid him on the bed, and after a while, a physician from a neighbouring square came in. This was a dreamy, faded, old man, with no particular practice, and very loose teeth. They disturbed you whenever he spoke, for they made sudden leaps, like the hammers in an open piano, and you could not conceive how, under the contingency of a crust, or gnashing in a dream, they escaped being swallowed, or falling out *en masse.* Lattimer wished to have Alban taken to a hospital, or some lodging near—but the old Doctor positively forbad his being moved that night, saying that he could not be responsible for the consequences. The ladies were out when this occurrence happened; and on their return, Lattimer went down to meet them, and told them a stranger had been taken ill in the street, and had been temporarily received into the house, till he could go to hospital next day. But Martha, who had gone into the sick man's room with the nurse, whom it was necessary to provide, found out that the stranger was Alban; and a very short time after, Eva was acquainted with the fact, that her cousin was in the house, dangerously ill. A few more minutes sufficed to bring her to her father's knees, entreating to be allowed to nurse Alban. Remembrances of his mother came over Lattimer, and perhaps for the first time a misgiving, as to whether he had not a good deal assisted to make Alban what he was. Eva obtained permission. And from that evening there was a week of weary days and weary nights, the fever working its fiery way. Throbbing pulse and wildered head, the parched and bloodless lip, the burning eye, all bespoke the fearful wrestle with the shadow. Strange, incoherent words, burst out hurriedly; mad phrases told the tangled thoughts and fitful, lawless fancy. Now he was in the tropics, now in the tavern; again he was alone on the sea, shouting for help.

Still throughout all this, poor Eva never tired of her task, and performed, with wonderful endurance, such sick-room duties, as could properly belong to her, lavishing on the unconscious sufferer those thousand gentle ministries, which the gentle heart of woman alone can suggest. Not wholly unconscious indeed did the sufferer always seem,—sometimes he appeared dimly to recognise the influence of a kindly presence. For amidst wild words and sentences the ear could not interpret, would come a softer tone that syllabled a woman's name. Oh balm to the watcher's heart had that name been her own! Anguish and sorrow that it was another's, for the gentle voice murmured "Kate!" And that voice

seemed to obtain an instinctive answer, for every night of that week when it was dark, a female knocked at the area door, to ask how the sick man was. And this was the unfortunate Kate. Alban, when he found he was getting ill, had left her with the intention of going to Mr. Lattimer to ask for money, for he had spent his last shilling, and feared to meet sickness in this destitute state. But he did not return, and she, conjecturing that something had happened to him, hung about Russell Square, the next day, in the hopes of hearing of him ; and seeing a Doctor calling at the Lattimers', had concluded Alban was lying there ill. Towards night she dressed herself as plainly as she could, and summoning courage, went down into Mr. Lattimer's area, and knocked gently at the door. The cook came, when poor Kate asked in a quiet voice if Mr. Hescott was not ill in the house, and if so, what was the report of his state. The cook hesitated a moment whether she would answer : but her better nature prevailed, and she replied that Alban was in the house, and was dangerously ill. And from that night Kate always came at dusk to make inquiries ; and though the cook suspected what she was, and felt against her some little portion of that indignant curiosity which untempted virtue too often entertains towards unhappy frailty, still there was such anxiety in the girl's voice, and so subdued an air about her, deprecating reproach, that it was impossible not to answer her questions.

The week passed ; it was evening. Eva was sitting by the sick bed, when suddenly the insensibility left Alban. He knew her, but seemed not surprised to see her. After a few inquiries, he abruptly and warmly entered on his future prospects ; said if Mr. Lattimer would only let him have the money he had first given, that a fortune could yet be made in America. He spoke very bitterly against London, and declared if he only had enough to eat any where in a wild country, he should be happy. Then he begged Eva to call Mr. Lattimer, that he might make another appeal for help to leave England.

He was talking with great vivacity on these subjects, when Eva ran to call her father, and when they both returned together, Alban had relapsed into insensibility. At twelve that night, the patient was much worse. He would shout loudly for a minute or two, and then speak for a length of time with the greatest possible rapidity. Eva occasionally now heard her own name amongst a volume of half articulated words. It was a fearful sight—his sharp features, far sharper now with the worry of the fever ; his shaven head, with the leech marks disfiguring it ; the unnatural fire burning from out of the sunken sockets of his eyes ; the ceaseless trouble wearing, wearing on his brain, and exhausting his agitated frame. Terrible struggle ! But the shadow was getting the uppermost hand !

" He must mend, or perish to-morrow, at noon," said the faded physician, shaking his head mournfully, rather to the peril of his teeth.

And to-morrow, at noon, when the autumnal sun was resting on the partially hushed streets of mid-day London ; when the ties of this world were tightest around the hearts of men ; when, amidst

their ledgers and money-bags, they had more especially banished the thoughts of anything but earth —it was then that poor Alban had finally to give up American and all other schemes, and to look for himself into that secret which kings and wise men have desired to know, and have not known. 'Tis a terrible thing to see a strong man die, but we have said enough.

That night the accustomed knock was heard in the area. The cook stood for a minute or two before opening the door, with a beating heart, and not sure whether she could speak; and she could not make up her mind to say anything when she had opened it, but the silence was understood. Kate stood perfectly still for a minute, and then knelt suddenly down at the cook's feet, and begged her to grant one humble petition, as they would never meet again. What was it? To see him. Cook formed her resolution at once, and taking Kate by the hand, they went softly up-stairs together. They entered the room. The curtains of the bed were closed, except at the bottom, but before they had reached there, the girl quivered in every fibre. Kate had seen it in the mirror, and they stood together at the bottom of the bed, all pride, all sin, all difference forgotten in that solemn presence. The struggle was over now. No more burning of the eye, no more wearing of the brain; that was all finished. He lay as still as if he was sleeping out in the prairie, or the forest of his early imagination. And yet, O God! how unlike sleep! There was a great gulph fixed between the living gazers and that strange thing they were looking upon—and they felt and knew that a mystery hung over the room, not akin to any thing of our earthly experience.

It was wonderful how calm Kate was;—deadly pale it is true, but tearless, motionless.

She and the cook got down again, without being perceived, to the area door, and then they kissed and parted.

But the poor girl was hardly out of the area, when she uttered a loud cry, and her sobbing could be heard, when her fast retreating footsteps were almost out of the square.

And a few nights afterwards, the evening of Alban's funeral, which Kate had attended, and had thrown a little earth into his grave, her last tribute—she stood on Waterloo Bridge. She looked down at the black river, but with no evil thought of seeking its fatal depths. She was remembering then that these waters some hours before had passed by a country village, had slided through a well known meadow, and borne on their bosom for an instant the shadow of a home! Should she tear herself from the city; should she fling herself at her father's feet; should she meet the shame and bear the reproach, and venture once more to think of God and herself? But these better feelings were checked by the terrible barrier of the circumstances which so often encircle to oppose the repentance of a fallen woman. The* force of her own habits; the presence of wants; the harsh-

* "Tot res repente circumvallant unde emergi non potest vis, egestas, injustitia, solitudo, infamia."—Terence.

ness of the world; the lack of sympathy; the weight of disrepute.

And, alas! however sad, it would be false to describe it as surprising, that when a passing companion of the same unhappy sisterhood called to her to come along—poor Kate turned back into the crowds and gas-lights of the town, to seek, in laughter and wine, oblivion of her sorrows.

CHAPTER IX.

ALBAN was buried in Kensal Green cemetery. It was Eva's particular desire that he should lie out in the open space, and with the trees and grass he loved, around his grave.

His death was not wholly unfelt in a rough, profligate way, amongst the unworthy circle he had unfortunately chosen for his companions. A party were seated at a table in as upper house, where singing went on after the theatres. One was Bennett, now a reckless and lost man, and at this moment supping on the last remnant of the little furniture once so neatly kept at the homely Haswells! Another was Captain Stapleton, a handsome man, with apparently no relation, occupation, or money—no where in the morning—neatly dressed towards sunset at a Jew Tobacconist's, and everywhere where he ought not to be, in full feather, all night. A third—a broad farmer sort of man, with fierce wicked face—an occasional visitor at these places from the country. To these entered Mr. Israel Smith—the comic singer—a little gentleman, whose eye-brows turned up at the ends.

"Well, Mr. Bennett," said he, "where is young Hescott? We have not seen him here for a long time."

"He's dead," answered Bennett; "well out of a bad business. I wish I was too."

"Dead! you don't say so," cried Mr. Israel Smith; "why, what did he go and do that for? I am very sorry to hear it."

"Master Alban won't like it," thrust in the bad farmer with a fierce chuckle; "it's dry work, I warrant, down along with the old worms."

"Don't talk of such dem'd slow subjects," said Captain Stapleton: "I am sorry the boy has got into trouble, but then you know, he always *was* in one scrape or another. It would not have happened to any other man; it is Hescott all over. Gin and water for one here, waiter."

But there was a blank amongst them for all their bluster. And when Mr. Israel Smith was called on to sing, and when he offered, (as his custom was) a song on tolerably broad topics, though the audience were exceedingly gratified, and the performer concluded, amidst a crash of pewter and a tornado of encores, a soberer critic might have discerned a little giving in some of the notes. But this Mr. Israel Smith subsequently corrected with brandy.

Eva, though deeply affected by Alban's death, was calmer if sadder than before. The excitement of uncertainty, the anxiety of hope had left her. Shall I be thought to be describing a fickle and unworthy character, when I say that with a calmer state of mind, the

remembrances of Arthur came strongly back. For in thoughts of death, and in solemn moods of soul, we yearn for the sympathy of a delicate spirit, and somehow Eva had always associated the idea of consolation with her affection for Arthur, so that now again, in the days of distress, the thoughts of him seemed in a way naturally to occur. But her strength had been severely tried, and indications of failing health were pressing themselves upon her. She felt an apathetic lassitude stealing over her, affecting not only her physical frame, but extending itself to the mind, and producing a kind of stupor of the feeling.

Norah was a bad companion for her in this state, for the calmness of the impassive little woman became an encouragement to the other, to give in to her languor, and unresisted, it naturally gained ground.

Such was Eva in the winter of 1845.

And how was it with Arthur Chester?

In the lives of men of genius there are mysterious periods, when they seem not as others; when the afflatus is upon them; when their looks, their thoughts, their actions, seem rather to be directed by some spirit which they cannot resist, than by their own common will. With genius, when it developes itself in action, these periods mostly precede the career, suggesting the aim, and prophesying the end. Cromwell on the sea-beach—as is related of him—musing for hours in a grave silence! Perhaps watching the tide, marking how, by gradual and steady advances, it bravely surmounted sand-ridge and rock, and at last concealed all that it had struggled with and overcome.

Young Inigo Lopez lies sick of wounded legs, in the castle of Loyala—reads the "Flowers of the Saints," and his destiny is fixed!

These are strange periods.

With genius, when it displays itself in Art, they frequently occur—they precede and introduce the execution of each work.

They are not regularly revolving hours—coming round with mathematical correctness: long time the soul-less canvass stands untouched; the insensate marble remains a shapeless block; and at length the spirit comes, glides the brush, resounds the chisel, and thought is brought to birth. Arthur was an Artist; he was a Poet: he was not, it is true, one of those masters of song, sent, alas! too seldom, and for too brief a period, for whilst the entranced world is yet listening, behold, they are departed: he was not, I say, one of these, but he was one of a gifted band, whose sweet, if humble voice, reaches many a hearth and many a chamber-corner, and the pages of whose little messenger volumes, carry pleasure and consolation to the sensitive and the good, in secluded spots.

This November was a time to be remembered by Arthur.

The later autumn of a woody district is a period full of suggestive imagery. The last leaves fluttering on top-most branches; the melancholy moaning of the wind through the skeleton trees; the warm sunlight; no song of birds, no hum of insect; desolation and silence: the faded foliage rots on the damp earth. Every where the End seems brooding as

in Aztlan, when the fifth sun was setting, and the cycle of the years was full. And perhaps, to the lower animals, devoid of a faith in the future, or unable to conceive of renovation, each fading year may come, with all the woe of utter extinction.

Rare time for the Poet! Richer inspiration in this glorious havoc, than in all the suns of summer or of May!

By dreary wold; by swelled and fretful brook; in the hushed aisles of the discolored woods; there was Arthur Chester, drinking in the eloquence of the season and the scene.

And thoughts from the depth of his heart grew and were moulded into shape, for art formed them, and gave them unity and completeness. Towards the close of the winter he found he had now materials enough for a small volume. So selecting with caution, and yet with confidence, from his portfolios, what he considered most worthy, he laid it before the public. He estimated what he had written to be poems, or he would not have published them; therefore he did not deprecate or forestal criticism, by calling his volume "Rhymes" or "Verses" or "Metrical Pieces." He entitled it "Poems," by Arthur Chester, standing forth without presumption, but with proper boldness, to answer for what he had not lightly performed, with no attempt to re-produce the language of Elizabeth's day, which would be merely antiquarianism and affectation. He had deeply studied the old Makers of that period, and, had tried to catch some of their rares kill in the handling of our tongue as an instrument. For truly they had a singular perception of the picturesque position and musical capabilities of words. What deep diapasons when they would be solemn and appalling; what Lydian lightness when they would be gay!

And then, again, when they would be graphic, how boldly they bring out the suggestive words, proving what Jean Paul has remarked, that a few outlines may give a better idea often, than minute finishing

If there was a tone of sadness pervading the volume, which might seem unhealthy to a vigorous mind, it must be remembered that Arthur had experienced much mental suffering, and that he was one of those Poets, whose writings are only a reflex of themselves and their feelings.

End of Book the Second.

UNDECEPTION.

Not alone does Hope's enchantment
 Lure us with deceitful beam;
False, too, is the shadow mirror'd
 In the depths of Memory's stream.

Fresh, as in life's first experience,
 Long have seem'd the visions fair;
But if now we search the picture,
 Time and change are spoilers there!

Open now the fairy pages,
 That delighted so of yore,
Rhyme, or tale, or ancient legend,
 Boyhood's long-remember'd lore.

And how vapid grown the story!
 All unfelt the magic sway!
Yet the first and fond impression,
 Has surviv'd for many a day.

Trace again the green haunts trodden,
 When the foot and heart were light,
When earth seem'd the seat of gladness,
 Home of all things rare and bright.

Ah! where now has shrunk and vanish'd,
 All that we could once admire?
Where the charm that once invested,
 Village green, and taper spire?

See a gently swelling upland,
 Where the hills were wont to rise!
See the houses, fields, and pathways,
 Dwindl'd down to half their size!

Absence did not so pourtray them,
 Ne'er of changefulness we dream'd;
Still in mental vision seem'd they,
 As to childhood's eye they seem'd.

And I err—To Fancy only,
 Things of old look dim and strange;
They remain in wonted semblance,
 Ours the lapse, and ours the change!

But, if tarnish'd seem the image,
 Fled the dream that pleas'd so long;
Still be cherish'd green in memory,
 Childhood's haunt, and thought, and song!

For the early faith and feelings
 Have not sprung and wax'd in vain;
While they in the past have sooth'd us,
 And to soothe us, still remain.—Alif.

MARY OF BURGUNDY.

To the thoughtful student of French history, the most important and instructive epochs are the reigns of Charlemagne, of Louis IX., and of Louis XI., the life of Catherine de Medici, the ministry of Richelieu, and the latter half of the Eighteenth Century.

It is difficult for the modern reader to think of France otherwise than as the colossal, but compact power, which now constitutes that Republic; nor can he readily bring himself to understand how its worst enemies in ancient times have been incorporated into its firmly-knit frame. Of all the turbulent and virtually independent subjects of the French Crown, none was more formidable than the Dukes of Burgundy, until Louis XI. succeeded in annexing to his own dominions the Duchy, properly so called, together with its subordinate County. The selfish and restless ambition of Charles the Rash had been the incessant and fruitful source of jealousy and apprehension, to the crafty monarch who at that time occupied the throne of France. But the confused rout of Granson, and the equally decisive battle of Morat, taught the King that his rival was no longer invincible, and led his sagacious mind to anticipate his approaching overthrow.

In order to obtain the earliest intelligence of Charles' movements in Lorraine, he had instituted a system of posts or successive relays—the first of the kind ever known in Europe—and thus he was speedily apprized of the victory gained by the Swiss under the walls of Nancy. Of the fate of the Duke personally, nothing indeed was as yet known; but it was evident that his power was irretrievably ruined, and—yet worse—that the spell was broken, and his dread name had lost the fascination of success. The King immediately resolved to seize possession of the Duchy of Burgundy, and of the other territories Charles had held of the French Crown. Were the Duke's star once more to rise in the ascendant, it would be easy to restore them on advantageous terms, pleading as an excuse for the apparent violence in the first instance, the necessity of saving them from falling under the sway of the Empire. It was also a part of Louis' scheme to unite the Heiress of Burgundy to the Dauphin, and thus, by pacific means, annex that important principality to his own hereditary dominions. Shortly afterwards, however, this project underwent a notable alteration, and, as soon as tidings arrived of Charles' death, he renounced the idea of a matrimonial alliance, resolving instead to effect his purpose by force or subtlety, or by the two combined.

A different plan was suggested by the celebrated historian Philip de Commines, who counselled his royal master to bestow the hand of his god-daughter on Charles d'Angoulême, afterwards father of Francis I. But Louis perceived at

a single glance, the impolicy of adding to the already dangerous influence of the house of Orleans, and he therefore instantly applied himself to accomplish the unconditional reduction of the territories of his late rival. With this view he commissioned George de la Tremouille, Baron of Craon, and Louis d'Amboise, Bishop of Langres, to negociate with the States of Burgundy assembled at Dijon. The result was every way favorable, owing in a great measure to the local influence of John de Châlons, Prince of Orange, who, from interested motives, had espoused the King's party. In vain did Mary exhort the States to remain faithful to their allegiance. In vain did she strive to prove the fallacy of the claims advanced by Louis. The province was exhausted by the unceasing and fruitless enterprizes of the late Duke. The power of the King to harass them was undoubted, while that of the youthful Duchess to protect them was more than problematical. The promises of present, and the expectations of future advantage, outweighed the suggestions of honor attended with certain risk and uncertain reward. The States therefore acceded to all that the King demanded, and he, on his part, readily complied with the conditions they proposed.

Louis was equally successful in the Artois. He had despatched Coulon, the Admiral of France, and Philip de Commines towards the frontiers of Picardy, and these active officers received the submission of Abbeville, and tampered with the fidelity of Philip de Crevecœur,* better known as D'Esquerdes, one of the Governors of Arras. The King himself shortly afterwards repaired thither in person, and reduced, without the slightest opposition, Ham, Bohain, St. Quentin, and Peronne. The latter place indeed might have arrested his progress for a considerable time, but for the treachery of its Governor William de Bische, Master of the Household to the late Duke, and the object of his especial favor.

Meanwhile the situation of the Duchess of Burgundy, was well worthy of compassion. At the early age of twenty she had been called upon to succeed to the extensive territories of her father, who had also left her, as a personal legacy, the jealous distrust of all her neighbours, and not a single friend, save Margaret of York. When certain intelligence of Charles' death reached Ghent, where she was then residing; those rude and factious citizens testified the most indecent joy, and the different Guilds assembling in arms on the market place, clamorously demanded the restitution of the ancient privileges of which their late prince had wisely deprived them. At the funeral service that was celebrated ac-

* Philip de Crevecœur was called the Pyrrhus of the age, because he introduced order and discipline into the Infantry Corps, and made great improvements in the science of encampment. His severity towards plunderers was terrible, and he was known to have hanged twenty of them in a single day. He was accustomed to say that the peace and prosperity of France depended on the possession of the Lowlands, and that that was the weakest side of the kingdom. It was his misfortune to be celebrated by Molinet both in French and Latin verse: the latter commence as follows :—

> Orbis honor non improbitatis cordiger auctor
> Dignus homo non damnificandus nunc recubans est
> Francigenarum flos nitidus, &c. &c.

cording to the custom of the Romish Church, no one was present except the immediate officers of the ducal household, and not only did the people absent themselves from the mournful ceremony, but even presumed to murmur at the expense, though nothing could have been more simply or unostentatiously conducted. Their conduct to their youthful princess was unmanly and ungenerous to a degree almost incredible to those who are unacquainted with the mean, selfish brutality, of a manufacturing community. It was not that they wished to annex themselves to the Crown of France. Far from it. But it was justly remarked by Philip the Good, that the men of Ghent always loved their future, and detested their present masters. Some few members, indeed, of the aristocracy, were disposed to support the pretensions of the French monarch, in the hope, probably, that they would thus be enabled to suppress the insolence of the democratic faction.

The middle classes, and they formed a vast majority, intended nothing so little, as to recognise the supremacy of a foreign power. For above two centuries they had enjoyed a certain degree of independence, and had attained a high point of commercial prosperity. An incorporation with the powerful kingdom of France, would have annihilated their importance, and reduced them to a very low scale in the kingdoms of Europe. Throughout Flanders *flamingant*, or the districts where the Flemish tongue was especially spoken, there existed a strong personal dislike to their Gallic neighbours, something similar to the feeling that subsisted in those times between the English and the Scots. The nobles were ever inclined to the service of the King, while the burghers and artisans stoutly maintained their independence, and ever and anon broke out into acts of violence and bloodshed, against those they suspected of being actuated by a foreign tendency.

The existence of these feuds was well known to Louis XI., and it naturally occurred to his wily policy to foment them. He accordingly sent an envoy to Ghent, to demand the hand of Mary in marriage for his eldest son, then a child barely eight years of age. He was injudicious, however, in his choice of an ambassador, for he selected a man of Flemish extraction, whose low birth, and yet more ignoble qualities of mind and disposition, rendered him an object of ridicule and contempt to his countrymen. This person, whose real name signified Olivier the Devil, appropriately rendered by the French into Olivier the Bad, was a native of the insignificant town of Thielt, near Courtrai, where he exercised the humble avocation of Barber-Surgeon. His utter want of principle, his sycophancy and natural adaptation for low intrigue, recommended him to the notice of Louis XI., who appointed him to the familiar post of Valet de Chambre, and frequently employed him where cunning and falsehood were likely to avail. To avert the evil omen of his name, he changed it for that of Olivier le Dain, and by letters patent, he was created Count of Meulan.

On his arrival in Ghent, Olivier was in no haste to seek an interview with the princess, but her Council, hearing of his attempts to foment discords among

the citizens, and to seduce the leading men of the city, advised her to give him an immediate audience, and free her State from the presence of such a dangerous guest. He was accordingly summoned to declare the object of his mission, and in the most ostentatious manner presented himself before Mary, who received him in the Hotel de Ville, in the presence of the Duke of Cleves, the Bishop of Liege, and the Chief Magistrates of the city. After tendering his credentials with an air of easy assurance, the envoy coolly informed the astonished assembly, that his instructions were intended for the private ear of the Duchess. A calm and dignified answer was, however, returned, to the effect that it was not the custom in Flanders for unmarried damsels to accord private interviews, and that whatever he had to state must be publicly made known. Mary herself remarked with a certain degree of bitter raillery—"The King, my cousin, must think me ill, since he sends me his physician; but, thank God, I am quite well, and have nothing to say to this man." As Olivier still declined to speak, in the presence of others, the audience was brought to an abrupt conclusion; and so indignant were the citizens at the insult offered to the princess, that they began to discuss the propriety of throwing the insolent barber into the river.*

The French alliance was rendered yet more unpopular by a smart saying of Madame D'Halewyn, that "Mademoiselle was of an age to bear children for herself, and needed not to marry one."

His personal danger, and the complete failure of his mission, induced Olivier to withdraw from the scene of his discomfiture, in all secrecy and haste. But, to mitigate the disappointment of his royal patron, and to diminish his own disgrace, he paused for a while in Tournai,† a city that had hitherto enjoyed a species of neutrality.

In consequence of his intrigues, a French garrison was now received within the walls; and the principal magistrates, who had opposed his proceedings, were sent off to Paris, where they re-

* Though Olivier escaped drowning on this occasion, it was only to await a more ignominious death, for in the succeeding reign he was hanged on the public gallows. Molinet thus alludes to his fate.—

J'ay veu oiseau ramaige
Nommé Maistre Olivier,
Vollant par son plumaige,
Hault comme un espervier;
Fort bien savoir complaire
Au roy; mais je veiz qu'on
Le feist, pour son salaire,
Percher au Mont-Fancon.

† In the "Recollection des Merveilleuses advenues en nostre temps," Molinet alludes to this circumstance in the following wretched doggrels.—

J'ay veu Tournay tournée,
En ung mauvais tournant,
Sans estre retournée,
Ses voisins hestournant;
Noz maisons, nos tourelles,
En cendre contourner,
Et Flamens entour elles,
Durement attourner.

mained as prisoners until the King's death.

A few days after the ignominious flight of Olivier le Dain, the Duchess' Council sent as envoys to the King at Peronne, the Chancellor Hugonet, the Protonotary de Cluni, D'Himbercourt, De la Gruthuyse, and the Count de Grandpré. These distinguished personages were instructed to make known to the King, that the Duchess Mary had succeeded to the Government of her hereditary states; that she was willing to do homage for Burgundy, Flanders, and the Artois; and that she would cheerfully, restore all the territories wrested from France by the treaties of Arras, Conflans, and Peronne. They were further commissioned to require the instant withdrawal of the royal forces, and to declare Mary's firm resolve to be guided by a Council formed of the Dowager Duchess Margaret of York, the Chancellor Hugonet, D'Himbercourt, and De Ravestein. In reply, Louis professed much interest in the safety and welfare of his god-daughter, and disclaimed all idea of aggrandizing himself at her expense. But at the same time he expressed his determination to constitute himself the protector of her territories, until the Dauphin was of age to take her to wife. The envoys, however, had no authority to negociate a marriage, and were proof against the King's seductive promises. But being personally well disposed to the project of marrying the Duchess to the Dauphin of France, they certainly exceeded their powers in authorizing D'Esquerdes to surrender to the King *the city* of Arras. It was in truth untenable, though what was called *the town*, was fortified with great art, and still held out against the French army. D'Esquerdes availed himself of this permission to yield *the city*, to cover his abandonment of the Burgundian cause, and his entire subserviency to the French monarch. His disaffection proved fatal to Mary's interests in Picardy and the Artois, and his example was speedily followed by nearly all the great lords* whose domains bordered on France.

On the 4th of March, 1477, the King made his entry into the city of Arras, and prepared to reduce the town also. While he

* The disloyalty of the Burgundian nobles is thus noticed by Molinet :—

> J'ay veu par ces oraiges
> Des nobles corrompus,
> Et des loyaulx couraiges
> Qui leurs lois ont rompus.
> Les villains sans richesse
> Furent trop plus loyaulx
> A leur dame et princesse
> Que aultres gens desloyaulx.

Under Charles the Rash, Philip de Crevecœur had been Governor of Picardy, Peronne, Montdidier, and Roye, Seneschal of Pouthieu, and Captain of Boulogne, Hesdin, and Croty. He was confirmed in these numerous appointments by Louis XI. He is thus spoken of in the "Recollection des Merveilleuses."

> J'ay veu en hault estaige
> Des Cordes le seigneur
> Povre de son portaige
> Mais puissant gouverneur;
> Il tint en sa demaine
> Des fleurs de lys le neud :
> Puis le temps Charlemaine
> Homme si grand bruit n'eut.

was thus employed, the citizens of Ghent broke out into open revolt, and seizing on the most unpopular councillors of the late Duke, put some of them to death and imprisoned the others. The personal discomfort of their Duchess filled these turbulent boers with delight, as they trusted to extort from her fears and necessities, whatever privileges they might choose to demand. But probably her greatest annoyance consisted in the importunities of her many suitors. The Duke of Cleves sought to obtain her hand for his eldest son : Lord Rivers, brother to the Queen of England, also aspired to this honor ; while the men of Ghent sometimes threatened to compel her union with the ferocious Adolphus, of Gueldres, whose unnatural conduct to his aged father must cover his name with undying infamy.

In the midst of these perplexities, Mary assembled the States of Flanders, and entreated them to take into their earnest consideration, the unhappy condition of the country. They at once assured her of their support, but took into their own hands the entire details of Government. Among other steps they sent deputies to the King to remind him of the treaty of Soleure, and to call upon him to maintain and defend his god-daughter. The envoys faithfully acquitted themselves of their duty, and declared themselves convinced of Mary's sincere desire for peace, as she had promised to be guided in all things by the advice of the States. Louis contented himself with replying that they were grossly deceived in this latter respect, and, to support his assertion, ungenerously produced the letter delivered to him by the Chancellor Hugonet, in which Mary had pledged herself to follow the counsels of those persons who had enjoyed the chief confidence of her deceased father. On receiving the proof of this apparent duplicity, the deputies returned to Ghent, and there, in a full assembly of the city Magistrates, and the Officers of the Duchess—who also presided—they related all that had passed. Instead of attempting to offer any explanations, Mary imprudently denied the existence of such a letter. The speaker immediately pulled it out from his bosom, and read it aloud, to the utter confusion of the Princess, and amid the utmost indignation of the States, who knew, or suspected, that the persons therein named had engaged to bring about the marriage with the Dauphin.

The same evening the Chancellor, the Protonotary De Cluni, and D'Himbercourt, were arrested, while endeavouring to conceal themselves in different monasteries, and a commission was appointed to investigate the charges trumped up against them. One of the judges was the ferocious William de la Marck, surnamed the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, who was the personal enemy of D'Himbercourt ; and the whole conduct of the proceedings betrayed the same spirit of unfairness and passion. The Protonotary having lately been nominated to the bishopric of Therouanne, claimed exemption from the secular jurisdiction, by virtue of his belonging to the ecclesiastical order ; nor was his claim rejected. The two other ministers were arraigned on three heads of accusation—1st. That they had

authorized the surrender of Arras; 2ndly, that they had received money from the Corporation of Ghent, in a cause that had been tried before them; and 3rdly, that they had been accessories to the suppression of some of the ancient privileges of the city.

To the first charge they replied that they had been deputed with full powers to negociate a peace with the King of France, and they had acted to the best of their judgment. This article was consequently withdrawn. To the second they made answer, that they had certainly pronounced a verdict in favor of the men of Ghent, because in justice they could not do otherwise; and afterwards had not hesitated to accept a present offered by the city. Against the third charge they defended themselves by showing, that in executing the instructions of Duke Charles, they had merely discharged the simple duties of their office. But their greatest crime was that of not being Flemings, and of therefore being an object of jealousy to the ignorant and self-worshipping burghers. Some native chroniclers indeed, assert that the Chancellor Hugonet had kept back certain letters written before Nancy by Charles the Rash, on the delivery of which mainly depended the safety of himself and army, and that it was for this act of treachery he was now punished. This does not appear in the evidence adduced against the unhappy men; nor could it in any way apply to D'Himbercourt: but few of the Flemish writers are worthy of much credit, for they seem to have viewed all matters through the distorting medium of party spirit.

The accused were put to the torture; their appeal to the Parliament of Paris—sanctioned by the law of the land—was refused with unseemly passion; and they themselves were allowed only three hours to prepare for death. In this imminent peril of her faithful servants, Mary exerted herself to the utmost to move their inexorable judges. Her head enveloped in a thick veil, and herself arrayed in deep mourning, she went on foot to the Hotel de Ville, and earnestly intreated that their lives might be spared. Their innocence was acknowledged, but the popular fury, it was urged, demanded a victim.

> So spake the fiends, and with necessity,
> The tyrant's plea, excused their dev'lish deeds.

From the presence of their impious judges, Mary hastened to the market place with tearful eyes and dishevelled hair, accompanied only by a venerable priest. A dense crowd had already collected around the scaffold, but nothing daunted, she forced her way through the mob, and gained the fatal spot just as her unhappy councillors were preparing themselves for execution. The severity of the torture they had undergone prevented them from standing, and they already appeared more dead than alive. The tears, the convulsive gesticulation, and the broken voice of the princess, insensibly moved the compassion of the bystanders, and many of them began to relent. It was even proposed to rescue the victims by force. Pikes were already crossed, and a bloody conflict was about to commence, when the signal was hurriedly given to the executioners. The heads of the Chancellor Hugonet and D'Himbercourt roll-

ed on the ground, and their gushing blood spurted over the dress of the Duchess, who was borne in a state of swoon. This unhallowed event took place on Holy Thursday.*

After committing this terrible outrage, the citizens continued under arms for some time longer, and expelled all those who were suspected of favouring the Burgundian party. The Dowager Duchess Margaret of York and M. de Ravestein were among the latter; while the Bishop of Liege was forbidden to pass the gates; and Mary herself was little better than a prisoner in their hands.

While these tragical events were passing at Ghent, Louis XI. was sedulously engaged in reducing to submission *the town* of Arras, which was defended by the armed citizens. So great was their audacity, that they erected gibbets on the walls, from which they suspended effigies of men stuffed with straw, and wearing the white scarf, emblematic of France. But as soon as the enemy's guns were pointed against their walls, they offered to capitulate, and obtained very advantageous terms. From Arras, Louis repaired to Hesdin, which speedily threw open its gates. In *the city* of Arras he left a considerable body of troops, under the command of Du Lude,—a circumstance that excited the jealous fears of the burghers, and induced them to revolt. Raising fresh fortifications and strengthening the old, they prepared to make a vigorous resistance, and secretly applied for succours from the neighbouring cities of Douai, Valenciennes, and Lille. A body of one thousand foot, and five hundred horse, were immediately dispatched to their aid, under De Vergi and the young Sallazar. Their approach, however, was made known to the vigilant Du Lude, and an ambush was laid for the unsuspecting Flemings, who were utterly routed, and their leader, De Vergi, made prisoner!

On the same day the people of Arras had sent eighteen deputies to the King, who received them with dignified calmness, and even accorded them permission to lay before the princess the actual state of their affairs. They had advanced on their road as far as Lens, and were quietly seated at the supper table, when they were overtaken by a body of armed men, and, in compliance with the royal command, conducted back to Hesdin. Next morning Louis demanded of the dreaded Tristan l'Hermite, what had been done with the arrested envoys. The wretch coolly replied that he had hanged and buried them all. It is almost past belief, but unhappily the fact is too well authenticated, to admit of a doubt, that the King instantly gave directions for the disinterment of one of them, Maître Oudart de Bussi, on whom he had lately conferred the honorable appointment of Counsellor to the Parliament, and caused the head to be fixed on a pole, and set up in the mar-

* Such at least is the almost unanimous account given by historians, but a Flemish MSS. quoted by Baron de Reiffenberg, asserts that the different Guilds assembled in arms on the market place, and so remained for five entire days, and that on the fifth morning Mary repaired to the spot to implore the people to show mercy to her faithful ministers, but they sternly answered that justice must be done on the rich as well as on the poor. On this she respectfully retired with her attendants.

ket place of Hesdin, covered with the scarlet cap of office. Beneath the disgusting object was placed the following inscription: "Cy est la tête de Maitre Oudart de Bussi, Conseiller du Roi en sa Cour de Parlement à Paris." The King's own account of this transaction is heartless in the extreme, and he thus concludes his letter to the Sire de Bressuire. "A fin qu'on connût bien iss tète, je l'ai fait atourner d'un beau chaperon fourré. Il est sur le marché d'Hesdin, là où il préside."*

After this summary act of justice (?) the King proceeded in person to press on the operations of the siege, and exposed himself somewhat needlessly in his impatience to get possession of the town. The citizens again indulged their taste for idle bravado, and in allusion to a certain legend affixed on one of the gates, a wretched doggrel,† intimating their determination to make a long and memorable resistance. But brave words were of little avail against the King's promises and the King's gold, and on the fourth of May, Louis XI. entered Arras through a breach made for the purpose, as if into a place taken by storm.

Notwithstanding the amnesty that had been guaranteed, a fine of 60,000 crowns was imposed upon the citizens, and several of those most opposed to the French usurpation were put to death by the hands of the public executioner. At the last moment life and a free pardon were offered them, on condition of shouting *Vive le roi!* but they distrusted the mercy of the perfidious monarch, and nobly preferred to perish on the scaffold. Among those who suffered on this occasion was a cross-bow man, who had once slightly wounded the King—so pitiful was the malice of Louis XI.

The exactions and cruelty of the French monarch, and his officers, produced a series of revolts during a period of two years, until Louis resolved to efface the very name of Arras. He accordingly expelled the inhabitants, razed the walls to the ground, and commanded it to be henceforth called "Franchise." To people his new town, he invited the citizens from the neighbouring burghs, and promised them great immunities, but few were found to confide in his specious professions. An arbitrary exercise of power proved equally unsuccessful, when he issued an edict, enjoining the principal cities of the kingdom to send a certain proportion of their population to dwell in this doom-

* According to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, the deputies obtained permission from the Admiral of France to leave Arras, in order to present themselves before the King, but, instead of taking the proper road, they turned off towards Flanders. For this treachery they were arrested, tried, and condemned to death. The above account, however, is the more probable.

† Tradition asserts that the high-sounding lines ran as follows.—

Quand les Français prendront Arras,
Les souris mangeront les chats.

Or thus,—

Quand les souris mangeront les chats,
Le roi sera seigneur d'Arras.
Quand la mer qui est grand et leé (large,)
Sera à la Saint Jean geleé,
On vera pardessus la glace
Sortir ceux d'Arras de la place.

Another account has it that the skeleton of a horse was set up with this Inscription:

Quand les Français prendront Arras,
Ce cheval maigre deviendra gras.

There is much reason to doubt the genuineness of one and all of these inscriptions.

stricken city. After the lapse of years Arras again rose from its ruins, while Franchise passed into the oblivion that fitly entombs the wilful caprices of passion-guided mortals.

While Louis XI. was occupied with the reduction of Arras, the Prince of Orange, fancying himself slighted, had induced Franche-Comté and the Duchy of Burgundy to erect the standard of revolt, and to assert their independence of the French Crown. But the King's power was too formidable to be thus idly set at naught, and Charles d'Amboise, the successor of De Craon, quickly overran the insurgent provinces, and utterly subdued them. Picardy and the Artois were also speedily reduced, and, where force failed, guile proved triumphant. Never had the intrigues of the French monarch appeared more likely to bear abundant fruit. Edward IV. of England, and his principal courtiers, were in the pay of France, and even the influence of Margaret of York was inefficient to procure substantial aid for her distressed kins-woman. A personal trial also at one time seemed to await the unhappy princess, for the men of Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent, united to deliver out of prison the Duke of Gueldres, with the intention of electing him for their Duke, and bestowing upon him the hand of Mary of Burgundy. Happily for her, he was killed in an ill-concerted attempt to recover Tournai, after defending himself with desperate valour.

The cruel and devastating system of warfare that harassed their frontiers, completely alienated the minds of the Flemings from all desire for the French alliance. Margaret of York therefore judged that the time had arrived for advancing the pretensions of Maximilian of Austria, to the hand of the heiress of Burgundy. The Duke of Bavaria and the Bishop of Metz were accordingly deputed by his father, the Emperor Frederick, to arrange the matrimonial preliminaries. On the arrival of these distinguished envoys at Brussels, they received a prohibition to continue their journey from the Duke of Cleves, who was naturally desirous to guard the interests of his own son; but the Dowager Duchess had previously warned them to pay no heed to any intimations of this kind, and they consequently proceeded without delay to Ghent. Their reception on the part of the people was most flattering, and the same evening they were admitted to an audience of the princess. Briefly exposing the object of their mission, they produced a letter in her own handwriting, in which—two years before—she had given her consent to an union with Maximilian, and they called upon her to fulfil the engagement. Mary at once expressed her readiness to redeem her written promise, and the Duke of Cleves, disgusted and disappointed, took his departure for his own lands. The ante-nuptial agreement was speedily drawn up, and the Duke of Bavaria acted as Maximilian's proxy, in the ceremony of bethrothal.*

* Accordingly to the Flemish history (Romance ?) entitled "Die Wonderlyke oorloghen van doorluchtigen hooghgeboren prince Keyser Maximiliaen, &c. &c.," the Duke of Bavaria accompanied Mary to her chamber by torchlight. On the side of his person next to her he wore silver armour, and bore a sword in his hand in token that her husband would defend her

Maximilian himself lost no time in descending the Rhine to Cologne, where he took leave of his Imperial father. Thence he hastened on to Louvain and Brussels, attended by the Electors of Mayence and Treves, the Margraves of Baden and Brandebourg, the Dukes of Saxony and Bavaria, and eight hundred lances. But the entire expenses of this brilliant train were defrayed by the States of Flanders, for the niggardly Frederick could not be induced to part with his beloved treasures, and it is even said that Mary's first care was to furnish her princely consort with suitable apparel.

On the 17th of August Maximilian entered the prosperous city of Ghent, and the same day, after supper, received an audience of the princess. His extreme youthfulness, for he was only eighteen years of age, was redeemed by his noble bearing, and his young and graceful bride deemed herself fortunate in her choice. Nor had she ever occasion to repent during her brief experience of the married state, for all writers unite in extolling his tender devotion to his wife.* On the following morning, Louis de la Gruthuyse and the Count de Chimai attended the princely couple to the altar, where the nuptial benediction was pronounced by the Bishop of Tournai. A few officers of the ducal household alone were present, and thus was celebrated the marriage of Mary, Duchess of Burgundy, Lothiers, Limbourg, Luxembourg, and Gueldres; Countess of Flanders, Artois, and Burgundy; Palgravine of Hainaut, Holland, Zealand, Namur, and Zutphen; Margravine of the Holy Empire; Lady of Friesland, Mechlin, &c. &c. But this Austrian alliance failed to add much strength to the fortunes of Burgundy. The Emperor was so notoriously mean and avaricious, that he had long since ceased to exercise any influence on the affairs of Europe, and Maximilian himself was naturally void of experience, and quite unable to cope with the crafty monarch of France. He was, besides, of a fickle and unstable temperament, and succeeded in rendering himself an object of distrust, not only to foreign princes, but even to his own subjects. In the field he was overprodigal of his person, and displayed the dashing valour of a knight-errant; but he knew not how to turn an advantage to account, and in the hour of victory, was often the farthest from ultimate success. In his early youth he had suffered from an impediment of speech, which obtained for him the epithet of Dummy; but this he gradually overcame, and became the master of very varied acquirements. He encouraged the arts and sciences, made some discoveries in strategy and pyrotechny, improved the casting of cannons and other firearms, and even indulged in literary composition. His constant want of money gained him the surname of *Sans-argent*, but lost him the powerful aid of Swiss Cantons. Numerous are the memorials of his correspondence with usurers and money lenders, in whose hands he was constrained

against all enemies. "During the night, in accordance with the usage in this sort of princely marriages, four archers watched beside the bed *on* which reclined the princess and the Duke."

to deposit the jewels and other valuables belonging to the Duchess. His career was one continued struggle with the King of France, his own subjects, and poverty; and his gallant bearing in all dangers and difficulties, won from the perhaps partial pen of Olivier de la Marche, the honorable epithet of Maximilian "Cœur d'Acier," or *heart of steel.*

Shortly after his marriage, Maximilian sent ambassadors to the King to complain of his infraction of the treaty of Soleure, and to offer the alternative of peace or war. It was not in Louis' nature to return an honest and definite answer, but he agreed to a truce of uncertain duration, either party engaging to give four days' notice of his intention to renounce it. In Burgundy Proper, however, hostilities still continued, and it was about this time that Charles d'Amboise, Seigneur de Chaumont, was sent to re-place De Craon, whose incapacity and avarice had well nigh ruined the province.

In the beginning of the year 1478, Louis publicly arraigned the memory of Charles the Rash as a *felon* and *rebel* vassal, and included in the accusation the reigning princess, because she had dissuaded the States of Burgundy from submitting to their sovereign, and had also endeavored to stir up the Swiss Cantons and the King of England against her liege lord. Alarmed by these proceedings, Mary had recourse to her husband's father, who was at length induced to remonstrate with the French King on the injustice of his conduct. Louis professed to attach considerable weight to the Emperor's manifesto, but nevertheless recommenced hostilities, and speedily made himself master of Condé. Roused by the progress of his implacable enemy, Maximilian raised an army of 20,000 men, and advanced to Valenciennes, with the intention of offering battle. But it was not a part of Louis the XIth's policy to hazard the uncertainty of a regular combat, and he even preferred negotiation to the fortune of arms. The Flemings were however severely repulsed by the Count de Dammartin, and Maximilian perceiving the vast superiority of the French troops in point of discipline and military knowledge, demanded and obtained a truce for eight days. This was afterwards prolonged for twelve months, and Louis voluntarily engaged to restore all the places he had taken in Hainaut and Franche Comté, to withdraw his troops from Tournai, and to evacuate Cambrai. Towards the latter end of the year, the Commissioners of both parties met at Boulogne, to arrange the preliminaries of a lasting peace; but after wasting three months in acrimonious disputes, they parted, without bringing matters to a satisfactory conclusion.

Two events of personal importance to Mary and her husband took place in the course of this year. On the 30th of April he held a grand Chapter of the Golden Fleece at Bruges. Since the preceding one, thirteen knights, including the chief of the order, had died; and of the surviving eighteen, only five were present, besides two who were represented by proxies. Where the Chief ought to be seated, there was placed a velvet cushion, on which rested the collar worn by Duke Charles. At the request of the

knights who were present, Maximilian consented to become the Chief of the Order, and accordingly they proceeded in state to the Church of St. Sauveur—the present Cathedral—the cushion and collar being placed on the back of a white charger, caparisoned with black velvet, and led by two heralds at arms. The Bishop of Tournai opened the ceremony by delivering a long pompous oration in Latin, in praise of the Order, and concluded by inviting the prince to place himself at its head. The latter replied through the President of his Council, that for the honor of God, the defence of the Catholic Faith, and the maintenance of chivalry, he would support what his predecessors had founded. The prince then drew his sword, and presented it to M. de Ravestein, who bestowed the accolade amid loud acclamation. The knights then repaired to the vestry, where Maximilian was arrayed in a scarlet velvet mantle and hood. On his return to the body of the Church, DeLannoi, as the oldest member present, passed round his neck the collar of the late Duke, and addressed him as follows :—"Most high and puissant prince, by reason of the generous blood, prudence, valour, virtue, and good conduct that we hope to find in your most noble person, the Order receives you into its society, in sign of which I present unto you this collar of gold. God grant that you may wear it to the praise and increase of your deserts."

On this Maximilian embraced his brother knights, and all together descended from the raised platform into the choir, where every knight—including those who had died since the last Chapter—had his own peculiar stall, with his escutcheon suspended over it. The proceedings terminated with the celebration of mass and a sermon.

The other domestic event that occurred this year was the birth of a son, afterwards Philip the Fair. On the 29th of June the infant was baptized in the Church of St. Donat, in Bruges, which occupied the site now known as the Place du Bourg. A slightly raised flooring was laid down, extending from the Princen-Hof—a building of which scarcely any vestiges now remain—across the Grand Place, to the portal of the Cathedral. Among the baptismal presents were a sword inlaid with gold, a helmet enriched with pearls and gems, and a collar of rubies. Margaret of York bore the babe aloft in her arms, and as she returned from the Church, exhibited him naked to the applauding crowd; for some of the French partizans had endeavoured to diffuse a suspicion that it was a female infant, and that, consequently, the troubles of the country were still far from being terminated.

The spring of 1479 passed over without any memorable occurrence, except that Louis succeeded in entirely subduing the whole of French-Comté. The frontiers indeed were the scene of much suffering on the part of the unhappy peasantry, whose houses were burned, their lands plundered and laid waste, and their wives exposed to insult and violence. In many districts wolves, wild boars, and other fierce animals multiplied to such an alarming extent, that whole villages were abandoned, and the

land allowed to become "a howling wilderness." Both parties exercised much wanton cruelty towards their prisoners; and, if Tristan l'Hermite aggravated his former reputation for remorseless barbarity, Maximilian may be justly charged with having provoked the fierce reprisals that stain this page of history.

Towards the latter end of July, a Flemish army was assembled at St. Omer, to the number of 25,000 fighting men. This large force prepared to lay siege to Therouanne, but the advance of the French army under D'Esquerdes and Marshal Gié, compelled them to renounce the enterprise. At three in the afternoon of the 7th August, the two armies came in sight of each other, and both instantly prepared to engage. The main strength of Maximilian's forces consisted in a body of 14,000 spear-men, under Count de Romont. His cavalry, though comprising some of the noblest blood of his domains, was especially weak, and totally unfit to withstand the furious onset of the French men-at-arms. There were besides three-hundred English archers, and ten times that number of German arquebusiers. The French army, on the other hand, was composed of a strong body of cavalry, besides 8 to 10,000 *francs-archers.* The battle commenced by a brilliant charge of the King's horse, who drove the Germans before them in wild confusion, and with equal facility routed the feeble corps of men-at-arms that essayed to oppose them. But instead of attacking the now unprotected infantry on the flanks, D'Esquerdes and his gallant companions, fired by the desire of making prisoners, pursued the fugitives to the very gates of Aire. The *francs-archers* observing the rapid success of their cavalry, fondly deemed the day was their own, and accordingly fell upon the enemy's camp, where a rich booty awaited them. While they were thus engaged, De Romont and his Flemish pikemen hemmed them completely in, and cut them off nearly to a man. In this movement, Maximilian distinguished himself by his presence of mind and calm intrepidity. When D'Esquerdes returned from the pursuit, it was too late to redeem the error he had committed. Both men and horses were fatigued, and the fear of losing the prisoners already taken, rendered it impossible for him even to save his camp. The numerical loss was nearly equal on either side, perhaps amounting in all to 9,000 men, but the Flemings lost many persons of note, and their cavalry was for a time annihilated. They claimed the victory, indeed, because they remained in possession of the field of battle; but Maximilian failed to dissuade his self-willed burghers from returning to their homes, and thus his apparent success proved altogether fruitless.

By the French historians this affair is called the battle of Guinegate, while the Flemish chroniclers speak of it as the victory of Blangi, and also grossly exaggerate the numbers and loss of the enemy.

Shortly afterwards an armistice was agreed upon for seven months. This truce was subsequently renewed from time to time during the remaining years of Mary's life, and fruitless efforts were made to adjust the conditions of

a permanent peace. But as neither party was willing to make any sacrifices, nor exhibited any great amount of public faith, these negotiations rather tended to widen than to fill up the breach. Maximilian by turns applied to Edward IV. of England, and to Louis XI., and thus contrived to render himself suspected by both monarchs. Nor did he succeed in gaining the affection of his own subjects. The Flemings, then at the highest point of refinement and civilization they have ever attained, looked down with contempt on the rude companions of the Duke of Austria. Internal commotions characterized the entire period of his sway, and together with the emptiness of his treasury, prevented him from acting with prompt decision in defending his frontiers against the French King. He was also much addicted to the pleasure of the chase, and to amusements of a more frivolous nature than accorded with the critical state of his affairs. His domestic happiness, however, appears to have been unruffled, except that his third child died in early infancy. It was after her third confinement that Mary accompanied her husband into Hainaut, and then, visiting Valenciennes, where she beheld with her own eyes a band of French marauders firing the villages, and cutting down the fruit trees—she returned to Bruges.

One day, in the early part of February, she rode forth with a gallant retinue to fly a hawk, a favorite pastime with the ladies of that period. In leaping a fallen tree, her saddle suddenly turned, and being thrown with great violence, she received an injury, which excessive and misplaced modesty forbade her to reveal even to her husband. The wound probably gangrened, and induced a fever, which carried her off on the 27th of March, 1482. Her untimely fate excited universal commiseration, and the people, who had refused to grace her marriage, crowded to her funeral.

Two children alone survived her, Philip, the eldest, afterwards married Joan of Castille, and was the last of the Burgundian princes. The second, Margaret, was betrothed to Charles VIII. of France—who repudiated the engagement—but was actually married to Juan, Prince of Spain. During the voyage to Spain a violent tempest arose, and the Princess, expecting every moment to be her last, composed the following quaint epitaph on herself—

Ci-git Margot, la gente damoiselle,
Qu'eut deux maris et si mourut pucelle.

It is not perhaps generally known, that the prominent lips characteristic of the Royal House of Austria are derived from Mary of Burgundy, but Brantôme expressly says, that Mary, sister to Charles Quint, was possessed of almost faultless beauty, except that she had pouting lips, which was owing to her Burgundian descent.

In the year 1495, a magnificent tomb was constructed in the Church of Nôtre Dame, at Bruges, in honor of the ill-fated princess; by the side of which Philip XI., of Spain, caused another to be raised to the memory of her sire, Charles the Rash. The effigies of both princes are made of copper, richly gilt, and recline on slabs of black marble.

The lower part of the tombs is covered on all sides with coats of arms finely enamelled. When Louis XV. visited Bruges, he is said to have exclaimed on beholding the tomb of Mary of Burgundy, *voilà le berceau de toutes nos guerres*, alluding to her marriage with Maximilian, which was in a great measure the origin of the hostility that has ever since prevailed between the houses of France and Austria.

The crown of this princess is still exhibited in Bruges, though despoiled of its most costly gems; and is preserved suspended over the Châsse that contains the drop of the Holy Blood so highly revered by the superstitious.*

J. H.

KOSSUTH'S LAMENT FOR HUNGARY.

My Hungary! thy sun shines on a land of graves,
Its glory gilds the sullen brows of slaves;
And bitter tears drop down from burning eyes,
Whilst deep-breathed curses on the midnight rise.
O'er thee, the weary ages as they fall
Will bind the shameful yoke of foreign-thrall;
O'er thee, as desert clouds, as withering blast,
War, pillage, treason, and disgrace have past.
Oh! who shall count our tale of suffering o'er,
Since once Saint Stephen's crown our princes wore!
How bitter still this last degrading chain
Of Austria's bigoted and soul-less reign!
On thy fair summer flowers—oh, land adored!
How many tears from breaking hearts are poured!
How many souls far abler in their pride,
To break than bend, have cursed their lot and died!

* The memory of Mary of Burgundy has been unfortunate enough to draw forth from Molinet, two atrocious elegies, one of which contains the following lines:—

Povres gens sont puis sa mort reversez,
Tensez, versez, confractés, confondus,
Tappez, trompez, tempestez, trondellez,
Bruslez, rifflez, tourmentez, triboullez,
Pillez, croulez, espantez, esperdus,
Passez, perdus, marvoiez, morfondus,
Camus, confus, craventez, et craintifz;
Les grands poissons mangent les plus petitz.

Every couplet thus terminates with a proverb, such as,—

Chose qui plaist est à demy vendue,
Qui bien se garde on dit que bien se treuve.
Petite pluie abat grant vent et fort,
Tant va la buyre à l'eau qu'elle se brise,
Hastif besoin fait la vieille trotter,
Qui sert bon maitre, il attend bon loyer,
Maille a Maille faict-on le haubergeon,
N'est si ferré, qui ni glisee et trebuche,
N'est marie que mort ne desmarie,
Le cœur fait l'œuvre et non point les longs jours.

How many meek and good have learnt to deem
Their faith, delusion, and their hopes, a dream!
How many, chafed to madness, reckless dare,
Delirious struggles but to gain despair!
Captives of shame! your sunny vales and skies,
As walls of a dark prison, round ye rise;
Where day and night goes up the stifled cry—
"Lord God! let us, or our oppressors, die!"
Yet round thy coasts of grief for ever stand,
Brave and untired, the patriot's holy band;
Tried as pure gold in the refiner's fires,
No earth doth mingle in our high desires;
Its loves, its pomps, its gifts of gain or ease,
Greatness or fame, what reck we now of these?
Long since obedient to our country's call,
With joy our willing hands resigned them all:
Ourselves long since her living ransom made,
As precious gems on holy shrines are laid.
Oh! Hungary, my well beloved! how glad were given
For thee, my dearest dreams of earth and heaven!
For thee were lost sweet dwellings of delight,
With matron's smile, and children's faces bright;
For thee were left the kisses of the bride,
And festal banquet in the halls of pride;
For thee, young hands, without a sigh, laid down
Fame's fairest wreath, and glory's tempting crown;
Nor hearts all innocence refused for thee,
The bitter brand of shame and infamy;
And now, in homes of poverty and scorn,
All this must still be unrepining born.
Soul-sick, and lone, we see from day to day,
Fainter become our hope of Freedom's ray;
Cold hearts around us, and despising eyes,
To mock—and none to feel our sacrifice—
To know—to hope no change but death. And yet
Never the lips shall say that they regret!
Never shall murmurs show this constant heart
One moment faithless to its chosén part;
Tho' living martyrdom may turn my eye,
For ever on the cause for which I'll die.
Hungary! all my earnest prayers can name—
Thy wrongs alone these burning tear-drops claim.
Watch-men of faith and hope! what tidings ye?
When shall our morning break?—our shadows flee?

M.

RETROSPECTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN;

BEING THE ANTECEDENTS OF FREEMAN, OF THE 76TH B. N. I., RELATED BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XI.

Whether the change of climate and of scene had indeed benefitted my health, and whether the bodily improvement, as often happens, was reflected on the mind, I cannot tell; but it is certain that my short and eventless voyage back to Calcutta, was free from the dark depression and mental misery which still characterize my recollections of the seven dreary weeks that brought me to the Mauritius. Something is also due to an increased peacefulness of feeling on religious topics. I fancied (and the fancy was one of sincere charity) that it was better to be such an unbeliever as Frazer, than such a believer as Lionel;—an error which might have come from selfish motives.

But not so, upon my conscience! I erred, because I was not wise enough to discover that Frazer's faults proceeded from the darkness of his spirit, and Lionel's good qualities from the sense of better things that was still left him. However, my state of mind was a calm, though the calm was short and unmeaning; my agitated heart reposed, like the soft seas we traversed through; it was no less ready than they to be again excited at the bidding of the now slumbering tempest.

On reaching Calcutta, I found my letters at my Agent's. Martha Warren was married to my old Tutor, Basil Cope, who was coming out to India as a Chaplain; and the dear girl had turned Puseyite, as ladies only can embrace opinions, especially those of the man they love. Eleanor (who was my correspondent) also told me that their grandmother was dead, having nearly completed her century, and possessing her faculties to the last. The good Doctor was too distressed to write at present. "Poor Granny has left her little property to me," the letter went on, "and I am already setting up for an old maid. When you return from India, you will probably find me with a cap, and a Brevet title of Mrs., surrounded by pets, and ready to act as godmother for any one who may require my services." Stagnum was changing rapidly, she said; the New Town—such was the name given in conversation to Hot Stagnum, a watering-place, as I have already said, of two hundred years' standing,—the New Town had become the present Terminus of the "London and Stanneries Railway," and it was reported that Sir Simon Dashwood (the Holy man who blamed labour for the meat that perisheth, and therefore I suppose was all the more glad to get it without labour) was interested to a hazardous extent, in the speculation. Should another line, (now before Parliament she believed) commence running, its advantages

were said to be such, that the Baronet's line would suffer greatly, and it was said that he had embarked his whole fortune in the undertaking. Shares were falling already; a general panic was hinted at; she knew not what, for she did not understand such things; she wished Mr. Dashwood possessed his father's confidence, and was at home; she did not like his brother. Had I heard any thing of Mr. D—— we used to be so intimate? "And there is a New Doctor come to the place," pursued my kind correspondent, "such an odious man; who has got into a great deal of practice, and has written a book, dedicated to Sir Henry Halford, and called something about the Mineral Springs of Great Britain, in which it is proved that the Wells of Hot Stagnum,—those flat-iron things you remember, that no one could drink, are the best cure for every disease under the sun, and a good many more, (at least that I never heard of.)

"And, O! my dear brother," the letter went on, "never desert your God, that you may never come to the state of this unfortunate young man. He calls himself a materialist;" (he expected, I suppose, to find a soul when he dissected a subject, and hold it up in the dissecting room at Guy's, sticking to the end of his knife;) "he believes in every improbable thing, mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the rest; says the 'brain is an electric machine, which generates thought;' and denies that we are responsible for our actions. A very comfortable doctrine no doubt for him, who makes a mock of virtue in practice, and has led astray that pretty black-haired Rose Seaforth, the poor old Preventive Officer's daughter, (at least she has disappeared, and left a letter for Mr. Somes;) and the wretch has had the audacity to ask for my hand in marriage. My father, who is devotedly fond of anything clever or scientific, (and Mr. Somes is both,) had begun by being very attentive to him, and attributed old Dr. Thompson's dislike of him to professional jealousy. But, thank God, he is now undeceived; and all I suffer from now, is an occasional persecution when we meet out walking; but I do not mind it much, dear Charles, only I can't help wishing, but it's no use." And here the subject dropped; and the letter presently finished by a postscript, saying that Miss Eversfield was gone to Madeira very ill,—it was feared in a hopeless decline. The letter fell from my hand.

"Gracious God!" said I, "thy ways are past finding out; my poor, poor Edith! could nothing save thee? Must thou too go the downward path of all the best and loveliest! From that smiling grave of the English how shalt thou return?" And all my old tenderness came back; and the days of old, when we had taken sweet counsel together, such as man and woman take in their time of purity and youth. The walks in summer-woods; the songs of the nightingales heard in dreary May twilights from open windows; the talk of things high, solemn, hidden from Prophets and wise men, which I had heard from those young and fervent lips, and in that tremulous voice, to be stilled so soon in the land where all things are dumb!

CHAPTER XII.

And now I was at length posted; my Regiment—the 76th—was stationed at Barrackpore. This was not my fault, but most certainly my misfortune, as it has been that of many a better man than me. For now began that wild, but unequal conflict, in which youth, and passion, and recklessness, and the love of display, have to contend with a conscience from which have been withdrawn the supports of example, of cheerful faith, of hope, and of inward happiness. Still at that time of life, happiness is ever the object pursued, and fool-like, I dared to look for it from transitory and unworthy sources.

The first evening that I was introduced to the officers of my corps at the mess room, is one I shall long remember. There is nothing more uncomfortable than suddenly coming among a number of absolute strangers, however kindly they may be disposed towards one. They have their jokes, their stories, their topics of conversation, their nicknames, their allusions, which are worse than Chaldaic to you. Worse, because they mark you with a semblance of intelligibility, being in your own language; while they cheat the mind of what they promise to the ear.

Major Hardiman, the commanding officer, was present, being, quoad holy matrimony, a single man. There were besides some dozen men of various ages; for our corps had a baddish name, and was but little favored in the matter of Staff appointments. The very names of these gentlemen were a puzzle to me at first, and one of them, whom I addressed as "Major Taylor," was a Veteran Subaltern named Grey, who bore the sobriquet of "Tailor," from a peculiarity in the disposition of his legs!

"Have you been long in Calcutta, Mr. Freeman?" asked Hardiman, most blandly, as he bowed over his glass of sherry.

I explained that I was but just returned from a sea-voyage.

"Then you haven't heard our band?" said Rayment, who appeared to be the *bel esprit* of the corps.

"Nor seen Moll Flannigan?" broke in a corpulent and pimple-faced youth.

"Hush," cried the placid Major; "no allusions to the ladies. George Bloker, you're worse than I am."

"A compliment, Major! Too flattering by half," was the laughing chorus.

"Not so flattering as what he told Nosey at inspection the other day," said a whey-faced man, with sandy whiskers.

"Come, Crammer, none of your Hindoostanee jokes," cried Wetherspoon, (the ladies' man,) "we all know you've passed the College. You need not be always whistling it into us."

"If you'd passed yourself, Wether," said Crammer, with dignity, "you'd know that there was no such language as Hindoostanee. If you mean Urdu, you should say so."

"I say," asked Rayment, "should you like to know what the Stunner said to Wetherspoon at the last Station Ball?"

"No, hang it," cried the youth alluded to, briskly, "that's not fair. I told it, Rayment, as a d—— good joke against her; he's no business to turn it on me."

"Why, he was talking to her, in his insinuating way," said Rayment, not heeding the interruption, "and saying that he had had nothing to do with the Lottery we drew the other night."

"What, the Oaks! Stakes for Maiden fillies only?" put in Capt. Horsman, who had not opened his mouth once before since the cloth had been withdrawn, except to light a No. 1 Cheroot. "I'm blowed," pursued the Captain, "if that was fair, considering Wether got up the sweep himself. But I'll bet a Guilder she got the pull of him."

"You'd win your money, sir. She smiled in her contemptuous way, half shutting her eyes you know, and said she neither knew nor cared who had got it up; but she certainly should not take the trouble to get up an opposition Lottery among the Spins, for that all the prizes amongst *us* were already drawn. Rather a sell for Wether, eh?"

"Capital," roared the Chorus, forgetting that they were all included in the young Lady's disparaging valuation. The fun now grew furious, every one boasted of his own achievements in some department of sin, and but two of the party held aloof. These were, first the Major, who looked on with a Socratic expression on his mild and venerable countenance, as if he condescendingly watched the progress of his pupils: the other was Rayment, who seemed to dislike the turn of things, and whispered to me to come and take a quiet cigar and cup of tea at his Bungalow.

The scene of riot in the mess-room was almost sternly contrasted by the peace and calm without. A soft full moon revealed the river, and the slumbering town of Serampore beyond. Silence was only broken by the sighing of the nightwind in the boughs of the Casuarina; and if for an instant the distant cry of a passing troop of jackals stole down the wind, it did but add to the pathos of the hour.

"I hardly like to ask," said my new friend, as we walked slowly towards his quarters, "how you like us yet. But you will settle down in your boots before long. I've observed through life, (he was hardly two years older, be it added, than myself) that one's first impressions of a new acquaintance, even when favourable, rarely continue so. I hope you are pleased with our fellows altogether, who, though noisy, are not ill-intentioned; but when you know them better you will see that there are few or none (any more here than elsewhere) who can bear the constant scrutiny of daily intercourse. Bloker you will think coarse and stupid; Wetherspoon conceited without much cause; Horsman a bore, with his eternal bets; and Crammer a fellow with no thought but for his 'Urdu' and his Rupees. One character indeed we have, who never inspires either weariness, dislike, or contempt, (however much you see of him,) protected by his never-flagging Mephistophilism, his equable temper, his serene courage, and, above all, his uniform consistency. Consistency, alas! in evil! Were he less perfect,

he might have a chance; but Hardiman never deviates into virtue."

Thus, rather sententiously than invectively, did my host pierce through the body of his companions, in a manner that inspired me with the greatest respect for his talents and his principles. I was doomed, in time, to exemplify on himself the truth of his own maxims; when the guard that prudence often sets upon new acquaintances was withdrawn by his familiarity, I found this moralist as lazy and as selfish as many of his brethren, and far less manly, or I should perhaps say, less simple. He was, I fear, a mere talker, a man of words; prevented by a refinement of nature or of education from being as coarse or as plain-spoken as his companions, but quite as weak as they. And with him, as with them, I found that a time came (and it comes to all who live much among their neighbours) when I saw that their faults did not exceed the usual share of human nature; I appreciated many good qualities that had been hidden from me at first; and I got to like the men, taken all-in-all, in spite of, or even with, or on account of, their failings.

CHAPTER XIII.

Never did Bengal Subaltern lead a more "jolly life," and few, I trust, have ever passed a more miserable time than I did now. Home was a word; the thing was nearly forgotten; and the name, when used, associated only with the thoughts of England. I was a man without Penates: how could any one give the sacred application of Home to a dingy hut without furniture, which was only used to sleep in, or to take one's morning "Doctor?" I had not a friend who understood the state I was in; I soon saw through Rayment, and the Major, though he might unquestionably have divined my case, and set me right, was satisfied, according to his wont, with using me for his amusement, and doing me all the harm in his power. The rest of my companions I saw all day, and every day—at Mess, at dog-fights, and in the billiard-room.

Honest fellows they were,—far too honest for me,—for their conduct involved no injury to conscience. Free from humbug, and well intentioned, they were equally repelled from me by the evident hollowness of my enjoyment,—so true even of folly is it, that everything should be done as well as it can, "with all thy might,"—and by the mad extreme to which my wickedness would often run, even Hardiman's equanimity was disturbed, and he would offer his compliment of—"You're worse than I."

I told him one day that I took his speech in that light; but "what did he mean by worse?

"Ah! my boy, there you puzzle me," replied the sage, "'tis a foolish *façon le parler*. No two ages, no two nations, why not say no two men, are agreed upon what is right and wrong. The Spartan stole, the Redman scalped, the Northman drank; the Hindoo cheats, the Yankee "goes ahead" into his neighbour's territory, or his creditor's purse, and their children, bred in these practices, learn to think them harm-

less, nay, to follow them 'on principle.' Go further—take two English lads, one the son of a Calvinistic Clergyman, the other the offspring of a wealthy man of the world. One is taught that everything sanctioned by Society is innocent, or even manly, the other winks at cakes and ale, only because he has not the power to abolish them."

"There is one flaw in what you say," I answered, "how is it that the Clergyman's son (as you would flatteringly illustrate by myself) often turns out the greater scamp of the two?"

"Of course," said my Socrates triumphantly, "because taught from his earliest infancy that many of the enjoyments pronounced innocent by the world, are bad in spite of, nay, in consequence of, such sanction, he loses all standard. Finding himself unable to resist the bidding of Nature, it is no wonder, that when the harsh restraints of fanaticism are removed, he goes the whole pig, where a man of the world would have stopt short at the brawn."

"In short, his conscience is so artificial, that he can hardly take a step in any direction, without violating it. So he goes on the principle of 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' and"—

"I wonder to hear you talk such stuff" said the Major. "Conscience! there's no such thing, 'tis all artificial. The only safe guides are Nature and Society. "Do in Turkey as the Turkies do. Look at me," pursued my Mentor, "I have no conscience. I was lucky enough to be brought up as an orphan; no one took any care of me. I was kicked about at Addiscombe; kept my eyes open, and formed the principle of action I have just hinted to you, *chro té phusei*, as the Greeks had it: follow Nature, and don't outrage Society, and you may come to command your Regiment and enjoy life as much as I do. But you have a great many weaknesses to get over. For instance, with women now. How can you expect to get on, when you attack the fortress (to use the old metaphor) with a capitulation in your hand? Depend upon it, you'll never conquer a woman with that selfish, shame-faced look, that proclaims that you yourself are always vanquished. Women, it is true, are the great objects of life, but you are not to let them know it. A forehead of brass, a smile of insolent triumph, a 'just as you please' air, are the weapons they can never resist. But you, you give them the advantage in the first move. When you bowed to Miss O., at the band last night, you coloured up to the eyes. Are you in love with her?"

This was a subject on which I was hardly prepared to enter with the worthy man.

"Why, Major," I replied, "she is engaged, is she not?"

"I'll tell you all I know about her, and then you can make up your mind. To tell you the truth, I don't think you'd find much to get over; for I watched her while you were speaking to her, and I think she likes you."

I felt my heart beat; Hardiman was not a man to be deceived on such a point, I knew.

"She's well born, and carries it well, the little lady. Her father held a good Staff appointment at the Presidency, (I knew him well) when she left England—

her education finished—to keep the old gentleman's house for him. When the ship reached the Sandheads last May, the first intelligence that came on board announced the Colonel's death. On his estate being wound up, it was found that he died in debt, and his daughter had no provision but the orphan-fund, which she would lose by returning to England. Can you fancy anything more indelicate than the rule of a charitable institution, which loads its pittance with a condition that the helpless girl is to reside in a country where it is to be presumed that her incumbency will be soonest vacated by marriage?"

"Perhaps," I observed, "they look to the contingency of the second chapter of Domestic Occurrences?—'of Death you certainly have a better chance in this country.'"

"Well, they may also look to that chance; and even that is brutal enough. It is as much as to say—'Now Miss, if you please, we're not going to let you draw our bounty in idleness at home, where portionless girls are a drug; come you out to India, where we shall soon find you either a husband or a grave.'"

"Miss O—— was engaged on boardship I have heard. If so, it did not matter to her."

"Why, so 'tis said; but she seems in no hurry, or else the gentleman has cooled vastly. You allude to Cox Bloxam of the —— Dragoons, of course? He has joined his Corps in the North-west, and I fancy has as much idea of marriage as you or I. Perhaps less than one of us. I wonder how he likes his new life."

"Not much, I dare say, but he is on too good terms with himself to be very unhappy as long as he has *that* solace."

The "bugle sang truce" to our conversation, by sounding for Mess, where the enemy was killed in the usual way. May the ghosts of such evenings once for all cease to rise up, as they constantly do, in judgment against me!

CHAPTER XIV.

In a preceding page of these Retrospections I said of scepticism on moral good, that it was a shipwreck I never had, and never would contemplate. In the verb I was mistaken: at the time of which I am speaking *I had* begun to "contemplate" the matter, and that with serious alarm. I saw in Hardiman what *must* be infidelity, if ever anything were to bear so harsh a name, and what I could scarcely think unworthy of the strict penalties that misjudging fanaticism has often exacted from less culpable eccentricity. Dr. Johnson, in speaking of Soame Jenyns, or some one of his school, had put this matter into a formula, whereby it remains, as it were, chrystallized for the use of all time. The person in question was expressing his conviction that there was no difference, intrinsically, between Good and Evil. "Either," replied the Christian Socrates, "you don't mean what you say, and if so you lie; or you do, and we must count the spoons before you leave the house."

I had a milder teacher too than the departed Lexicographer. As Marguerite could not conceal from Faust, the instinctive loathing

with which the appearance of Mephistopheles inspired her, so did Miss O——, in whose company I more and more began to seek that consolation which is—oh! so dear, to a world-wearied and solitary man—so did she betray by numerous signs and tokens the antipathy which repelled her bright intellect and pure soul, from the usually attractive Hardiman. She saw through him, though she knew it not. Thank God she knew it not. Little could that fair girl have guessed the practical depravity of those details, the mere result of which, upon face and manner, so much shocked her.

The Corps was now stationed temporarily in the Fort, and as Agnes was living in the house of a rich Civilian at Chowringhee, who had married a distant relation of her's, I was enabled to indulge to a still greater extent in what was, both to her and to me, a dangerous luxury. I was not in love with her, as I have often said; unless it be possible for a Christian to be in love with two ladies at once (which is flat Islamism). But distance of time and of place; her inconceivable neglect of her promised word, and that after the reasons she had given me to expect a return to my affection; all these things were combining to make me forget my boyish attachment to Miss Eversfield. Besides, it *was* a boyish attachment, and whatever Novelists may assert, first love seldom comes to anything—to anything but tears and self-discipline, or change and oblivion. Thus were we situated, each recognizing in the other, the friend whose mind was the complement to one's own. We were young, and we were *so* happy, to use a lady's phrase.

One night I was on Main-guard at the Fort. I had received charge of the valuable property of that institution, consisting, as far as I remember, of a Bible, a broken table, parts of three chairs, and a large key, which, as it opened nothing, was popularly conceived to have belonged to the celebrated Black Hole. I had concluded my lonely meal, and got into bed, vainly seeking that rest which I had not earned. Suddenly I fancied that the North wind brought a faint sound of music. I remembered it all. There was to be a Ball at Government House, and my sweet friend would be there. I could not hesitate a moment, though I felt far from fit for such a scene. I jumped out of bed, dressed, drank off a bottle of champagne from a tumbler, and, defying the risk I ran by deserting my post, set off for Government House. I entered, what the gentlemen of the Press were then in the habit of designating as "halls of dazzling light;" little cared I for the imitative glitter of a Colonial hop, but I threw my fevered eye round as I wandered from room to room, in search of that bosom on which I felt that I could have laid my head and died.

She was passionately fond of dancing, and I did not dance the Waltz or Polka—why, it does not signify to tell. Perhaps I would not willingly run the chance of exposing myself to ridicule, as so many of my friends do, perhaps even higher and more delicate feelings oppose the organized romping of the —— : but hush! here she comes; how calmly lady-like still, even in the frantic grasp of that dandy young Civilian, fresh

from the fashionable saloons of Russell Square.

I sate down when I had caught her eye, feeling no doubt about the next quadrille. The wine I had just drunk, added to the potations of the past idle day, had begun to take effect; but they had combined with the music and the scenery around me, and I only felt melancholy. Nor was my situation unsuited to produce such emotions; surrounded by the young and the beautiful, all thrilling with a pleasure I could not enjoy; and many of them so soon to be bowed down by the troubles, or laid low by the diseases of an Indian life. I was doing a little bit of Xerxes, and very much inclined to cry. And, again, what was I about to do? To plunge, I knew it, into a desperate flirtation with a woman I believed pledged to another, as I was [redacted] "Ha, ha," I said amidst the concluding crash of horns and trumpets, "a mad world my masters." And I made my way, stern, and unapologetic, to the place where Mr. Choker had just deposited his partner by the side of her relative.

After a little desultory conversation we stood up for a quadrille. Why dwell on that hour of madness: I felt that I was beloved, though it was by one who bade me be silent, and told me with her own lips, while the blush spread from face to bosom, that she was plighted to another. There is not such another minute in life as that in which flashes upon you the conviction, that you have conquered the maidenly reserve of a beautiful and virtuous woman. Obstacles were forgotten, or vanquished. She loved me as I loved her; Bloxam should be ignored, defied; I cared for nothing; I trode on a Brigadier's gouty toe; cut the General's wife; and proposed the Governor General's health to the "Bigwigs" and others who remained to second supper. I need not say that I do not recollect how I returned to the Fort.

CHAPTER XV.

There was but little night left, and it seemed to pass in an instant. Golden visions began to thicken and grow dark; a blood-red sun rose on a howling ocean, with a low, black shore. The gloom seemed to whirl and spin, till from the central vortex came a dim white figure; and a low murmur, mingled with the murmur of the sea. Edith was before me, pale, clothed in a shroud; I knew her, though her face was muffled in the ghastly robe. Words she spoke, or seemed to speak, but I understood them not, and woke in a sweat of terror.

An European sailor was standing with his back to me, looking out of the opened window, and singing something in this fashion:—

"Colder then than now it froze,
Though to-day is cold enough;
And I think, as the poor man older grows,
The skin on his back gets tough.

A lady's chariot drove to the George,
She was a maiden, proud and high,
I was a lad with a roving eye,
Standing by the forge;
Cling, clang, clang, cling,
Hark! how the anvils ring.

"I knew her, and she knew me,
But was dumb, for her mate was there,
She was wife, that was to be,
He was His Lordship's heir.
Never again he rose from the bed,
Where he slept by his leman fine;
He laid him down in the pride of wine,
But the morning found him dead;
Clang, cling, cling, clang,
Gaily the anvils rang."

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

I.

Self-knowledge implies an acquaintance with our own virtues as well as faults.

II.

None can understand virtue who have not known temptation.

III.

In lust our joys are doomed;
In that fierce flame we languish,
For when pleasures prove an anguish,
They perish self-consumed.

IV.

The orbit of Conventionalism is irregular; that of Genius should be a perfect circle—*totus rotundus*—yet, whenever it is so, the man of Genius is deemed eccentric.

V.

Genius is said to be usually unhappy, and "allied to madness." Perhaps, however, in the world we live in, not more than one in a thousand is really sane. If the proportion were larger, happiness would be banished; if less, earth would be a Bedlam without keepers.

VI.

On Longfellow's "*Excelsior.*"

Aye! must we soar* to die, like flame?
Is life a snare, and Home, and Love?
Ah no! the Heaven at which we aim
Is *round us*, not *above*.

* Wordsworth calls the Skylark—
"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the *kindred points* of *Heaven* and *Home*."

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN NO. VIII.

You ask me to solve, so to solve I will try,
(Though I'm nearly insolvent myself, by the bye,)
But as you, Mr. Saunders, so kindly invite
Seal'd Tenders to guess, I will sit down to write.
Let me see; yes, the words are "one of two brothers,"
The Siamese Twins p'raps?—I know of no others.
By Gemini, yes! two more are reveal'd,
The Infant Micawbers, in young Copperfield.
Tush! They need not be twins, as the Enigma goes,
So long as two brothers they are, I suppose.
Alas! it is cruel, unkind of my Muse,
To desert me just now in a fit of the blues,
When the cupboard is ransack'd, and empty the keg,
And to stand on the poor poet has not one leg.
One leg! Ha, I have it. My proud rigid friend,
Who even to Royalty never would bend:
Who is centuries old; and who yet is so strong,
He with youth's early vigour goes stumping along,
Who scorns to be lock'd up in earth or in brick,
And rots on the surface, a us'd up old stick.
—I have thee, for if ever thou hast been stood on,
Thou'rt nought but a leg, and nought but a wood 'un:
Keep pace as thou may'st with thy plump fleshy brother—
Thou art only a sham—and dependent on t'other.

G.

Selections and Translations.

HOW TO BECOME A PAINTER.

When the Rue Vanneau in Paris was in process of erection, a young painter, named René, dwelt in one of the three or four houses first built. His lodging consisted of two rooms, the largest of which, lighted by one glass window, was arranged as a painting room. On the walls were hung several rough draughts and finished sketches, which seemed to indicate that the great masters did not possess the exclusive sympathies of the owner of the apartment. In fact René was one of the austerest disciples of that modern school of Art to which we are indebted for "the Apotheosis of Homer," and the "Stratonice," two admirable antique bas reliefs, which some people mistake for paintings. René followed his master, not merely as a pupil, but as a shadow, and if ever by any accident an idea of individuality arose in his breast, he systematically put it down, as if he feared to introduce a schism into the artist-religion, of which he was so zealous a votary. In short, he was one of those men, who are either too humble or too weak-minded, in that they can submit to wear all their lives, the livery of other people's systems.

Although passionately attached to his profession, and unswerving in his steady regard for it, René belonged to that class of artists, whose talent consists in their patience and perseverance, rather than in startling flashes of genius; plodding, and hard-headed people, who have never to wrestle with the heart-burnings caused by discouragement, or offended vanity; men who have learned "to labour and to *wait*:" but who, always willing to toil, are slow to follow the dictates and promptings of their own souls.

René was by no means rich, but he could freely abandon himself to the pursuit of his favorite study, without fear of poverty or starvation: thanks to a pension of twelve hundred francs given him by his native town, till such time as he should be sent to Rome. With this object in view he laboured hard! This certain income was also increased by some money he gained by giving drawing lessons in a boarding school, so that altogether he was looked upon as a Rothschild amongst his brother students. Finally, he was a very quiet, well-behaved young man, whose extremely well-ordered existence was the edification of the whole neighbourhood. He received few visitors, never returned home late (or rather early), and paid his rent punctually, which last practice of his completely overwhelmed his landlord with surprise, as it was unknown to him in all the connection he had yet had with young gentlemen of his profession.

In a small dark closet, opening on the passage in which René's painting room was situated, dwelt a young Italian girl, who earned her livelihood by singing in the cafés and chop-houses of the Quartier Latin. She was eigh-

teen years of age, and bore the name of Chechina Mario. Her father had formerly been possessed of some reputation in one of the second-rate Italian Theatres, but had been obliged to take refuge in France, in consequence of some political intrigues by which, without his knowing it, he found himself compromised. But he only exchanged an Austrian Prison for a French Hospital, for at the end of a few years' exile, pining for his native air, he fell sick and died. His daughter, a stranger in a strange land, solitary and friendless, adopted the life of a gipsey, earning just enough to save her from starvation.

Chechina too lived as retired a life as the artist, never receiving any visitors. Every day, at the same hour, she left the house to go her rounds, generally returning at midnight. After her father's death, the poor orphan found herself a little behind hand with her moderate rent, and as the wretched scanty furniture of her room was not calculated to inspire any great amount of confidence as to her ability to payment, the porter of the house gave her one evening to understand, by order of the landlord, that unless the rent were paid in full on the following week, she would be turned out of doors. The time given expired, and the young girl was still without the means of satisfying the demand against her. Hoping to obtain a little longer respite, she went in search of the landlord; she explained to him that it was not now the best season for her trade, but that soon better times would come round, the cafés and the places of public resort would be full of people, her gains would be greater, and that then she would pay up the whole sum due. The landlord, however, was inflexible, and would not give her a day's law. "But where am I to go to?" exclaimed the poor girl.

"That's no business of mine."

"Wait for at least two or three days!"

"Not one hour—I've warned you before hand—you have till to-morrow, that's to say a whole nigh t before you. To-morrow, at mid-day, I shall have your receipt ready, and if I don't get the money, I shall close the door of your room—so understand."

Poor Chechina returned to her chamber, and passed the whole night in weeping.

René, who was at work that night in his atelier, heard her sobbing and lamentations. He entertained at first the idea of running to comfort and console the grief he heard so close to him, but as it was already very late, he gave up the idea. Early the next morning, he enquired of his house-keeper, who was generally well acquainted with everything that took place, into the cause of it. In return, Madame Jean gave him the history of the little Italian, and the situation in which she was placed.

"—— So that my neighbour is about to be turned out of doors, —is it not so?" said the student.

"Yes, in an hour or two at the latest," replied Madam Jean.

René opened a drawer in which he kept his money, took from it the amount claimed by the landlord, and proceeded to pay him. Having taken his receipt, he returned to his apartments, and gave it to Madam Jean to deliver into the hands of Chechina.

"Tell her she has nothing more to trouble herself about. That affair is settled," added René as he hurried out to present himself to his master.

Chechina was thunderstruck when she heard the happy news from Madam Jean.

"But," she exclaimed, "how has it all happened? I neither know this gentleman, nor does he know me. I do not believe we have ever seen each other. Who could have told him my situation, and whence comes the interest he takes in me?"

"It's all very simple," returned the house-keeper. "Mons. René heard you weeping all last night, and this morning, at his request, I

told him all your story, as I received it from the porter, upon which M. René took pity on your distress, and paid the landlord."

"It will all be assuredly talked of, all over the house, however. A young gentleman, who obliges a young lady, who is his neighbour, and very handsome into the bargain, is, you understand, a subject for gossips to babble about. But, for my part, I'd let them talk, if I were you! M. René is an excellent young man, with a good heart, and that's all! Nevertheless, if he has any serious intentions,—do you hear me, little one?—very well then, between ourselves, I say candidly, if he has any serious intentions, better listen to him than to any one else, for he is economical, well-behaved, and talented, and I think you might certainly 'go further and fare worse.' After all, little one, I do not say what I do to influence you;—indeed, I hardly know why I speak at all on the subject, for M. René does not personally know you, and, *it may be*, that he has acted purely from charity."

"From charity!" exclaimed the young Italian, with a glance full of pride—"but I will see this gentleman,—I will thank him for what he has done for me, from charity, as you say, Madam: and as it is impossible to believe I can always be as unfortunate as I have been of late, I will repay him what he has advanced for me. It will soon be Easter, and the days of sunshine will come. I will go and sing to-morrow in the Champs Elysées, where there are plenty of rich folks, and there I shall gain a great deal more than in this neighbourhood."

That evening Chechina left her closet door open, that she might see the young artist on his return, and thank him. But she waited in vain all the night long, for René did not come home at all. In the morning Madam Jean, when she went to arrange his room, was surprised to find it empty. "Ho, ho," said she to herself, with a little smile, "he is not at home, isn't he? Perhaps he's gone to call on his fair neighbour?" and she knocked at Chechina's door. Getting no answer, and the door not being locked, she went in, and found the young girl lying, quite dressed, fast asleep on the top of her bed.

"And M. René," said Madam Jean, after looking all round, and into every corner of the room; "is not he here?"

"What do you say," enquired Chechina. "I have not seen M. René, which I'm annoyed at, for I wanted to speak to him. I sat up for him all night, but he had not returned at daybreak."

"It's very extraordinary," replied the house-keeper. "This is the first time I've ever known him sleep out. Can any accident have happened to him? I must go to his master, and find out any news about him."

"Oh! Madam," said the young Italian with some hesitation, "if you should have occasion to pass this way again, would you have the goodness to step in here? I shall be sadly vexed if any accident have befallen M. René."

"If you are uneasy about him, why don't you come with me," asked the house-keeper. "You'll know all the sooner by doing so!"

"I will, Madam," said the young girl, as she hastily threw a shawl over her shoulders.

On arriving at the street in which the painter's house was situated, with whom René studied, Madam Jean, followed by Chechina, saw him at a distance, with a young female on his arm, coming out of the Court which led to it. The young lady in question was dressed very remarkably, skipped along the streets like a young kid, and laughed very loudly, while she indulged in sorts of pantomime.

"Ha! we have arrived in good time," said Madam Jean, as she pointed out M. René, who preceded them, to her companion. "Yonder he is!"

"Where?"—asked Chechina.

"There—before you—that young man, walking with that extraordi-

nary young lady: I recognise her, she is one of his models."

Chechina let go the housekeeper's arm, who went up, and talked to M. René for a few moments.

When Madam Jean returned, she found Chechina in a state of great agitation.

"What is the matter with you, my dear?" she asked.

"Nothing," replied the Italian! "And M. René, he has happily escaped any accident?"

"Yes," replied the other: "only he has warned me that he will not return home this evening, nor to-morrow, nor perhaps at all."

"Ah!" exclaimed Chechina, "what a handsome creature he was walking with! Did M. René say anything about me?"

"Say anything about you?—No!—why should he?"

"I thought ——— as he saw me with you—"

"He did not see you at all, little one, and even if he did, he did not recognize you."

"You did not tell him, then, that I accompanied you?" said Chechina.

"Why, you never told me to mention it," replied Madam Jean.

"True! no more I did! Then he does not know that I sat the whole night waiting for him!"

"No! But what matters it, he will return," said Madam Jean, as she quited Chechina, who, on her part, returned home.

Chechina was only eighteen years of age, and an excellent little creature, and shining in the midst of, and in spite of, her misery, like a beautiful painting which the poverty of the artist has compelled him to set in a common, coarse wooden frame.

Her father a Venetian, and her mother a Spaniard, Chechina, although she possessed something of the character of both countries, appeared, nevertheless, to be more a daughter of Spain than of Italy. As a child, she had bathed her feet in the waters of the Guadalquiver, and climbed the steep ridges of the Sierras. Grown up, she had wandered on the flat shores of Ischia, seen Vesuvius, and breathed the melodious air of Pausilippe, as the breezes tremble among the laurels that shadow Virgil's tomb. A young girl, she spent four years of her life in a convent in the Tyrol, half Italian, half German, and from association with her companions, of whom many were born on the banks of the Rhine, Chechina had incorporated much of the poetic dreaminess of the Germans with the sprightly vivacity of her southern blood. Later, she had followed her father and mother in their adventurous travels throughout Italy. She had knelt with fervent piety before the blazing chapels of St. Mark, and passed, during the Carnival, down the Corso of Rome. A novice, turned gipsey in obedience to the stern laws of necessity; at fifteen years of age she had exchanged a veil for the tinselled drapery of a theatre: she had taken a part in the choruses at the "San Carls," and the "Scala."

At present, she lived most wretchedly, spending her days in the streets of Paris, with its mud under foot, or its burning sun overhead. She lived alone and sad, proud and poor, pure and beautiful. But though transplanted into a foreign soil, she still retained all the beauty of her childhood, the golden flower of a southern clime.

Yet for all the accidents of her life, after passing through the cloisters of a convent, and the steps of a theatre, Chechina was as pure as Eve before the first kiss of Adam, and as innocent as she was before the conversation with the serpent. Since she had come to Paris, she had been forced to dwell in scenes of corruption and depravity; she had been exposed to temptation; she had lived and walked side by side with vice; but she still remained with her vestal purity unsullied, and never for one moment had licentious song or jest stained the limpid clearness of her thoughts, awakened curiosity in her mind, or ruffled the calm tranquillity of her soul. But the hour had now arrived, when all that her youth and her innocence

had kept concealed, should become known to her.

After her meeting with René, when she had seen him without being seen, Chechina returned home. When she found herself again in the little room, which she had been so near leaving, she felt strongly moved. It seemed to her now that it was no longer the same which she had so long inhabited! She appeared to breathe a new atmosphere. Wishing to drive out of her head the wild thoughts that, like troublesome insects, *would* hover round, and settle in her brain, she strove to sing as she had been accustomed to, but for a long time she could not. In spite of herself, the only songs she could recollect spoke of love, of its joy, and its sorrow. Until then, these songs had made no impression on Chechina. She sang them mechanically, without either pain or pleasure,—but now they caused her both. As the words fell from her lips, their sense passed in to her heart, and there awoke a crowd of tumultuous and thronging fancies. But there was one idea on which her mind fastened before the rest, notwithstanding the vague pang it inflicted: it was the thought that René loved another.

Through jealousy Chechina learned the meaning of love, through love she entered into life.

As he had said, René returned home neither the next day, nor the day after. He had gone to assist his master in finishing and setting up some paintings in the Chateau of the Duc de L. As for the young lady in whose society Chechina had seen him, she was really a model, whom his master required, and to fetch whom he had been sent by the painter. Yet, by Chechina she was still regarded as a rival, and the poor child tortured her budding love with a groundless jealousy. At times she re-called the service M. René had rendered her, without knowing, or even having seen her, by the sole impulse of charity, and then all her native pride was wounded. One hope at intervals came to soothe the passion in her breast. She trusted that when he did return, René would call to offer some explanation regarding the payment of her rent. But after some days the artist came home, and did not speak to Chechina—did not even seek to find her out. The morning after his arrival she lay in wait in the passage for Madam Jean, as she passed down the corridor, and asked her with a slyness quite unusual in her, whether M. René had spoken at all about her.

"Not a syllable!" replied the good woman. "But I only saw him for one moment, for the young lady who was with him the other day came in shortly after I did, and he went out with her."

This information plunged the unhappy Chechina still deeper in the infernal regions of the jealousy which already rankled in her self-love. She passed a wretched night, vainly trying to discover some means of re-paying the artist the sum he had advanced: and striving to make herself believe that this was the only bond that connected them, and that could she but once acquit herself of this debt, she would think no more of him for the future. Towards morning, utterly exhausted, she fell asleep: but there was a smile on her lips: she had found a means of obtaining the money.

On the morrow, when René had entered the atelier of his master, and while he was just setting to work, a young girl, poorly clad, came into the room, casting her eyes on the ground, as she met the inquisitive glances of the eight or ten students who were at work in it. She timidly asked if any one wanted a model.

"Who has sent you here, young lady?" enquired René, as he gazed at her with some curiosity.

"No one," she replied; "I came of my own accord."

"In whose painting rooms have you sat before?" asked another.

"In none; I have come here, because this is one of the most celebrated."

All the students had quitted their easels, and crowded round the stranger, whom they examined with surprise.

"You are a Jewess, young lady, are you not?" enquired René.

"No, sir, I am a Neapolitan! My father was a Venetian, and my mother a Spaniard," she answered.

"The devil!" murmured a young student, utterly overwhelmed with admiration. "a mixture of Murillo, and Paul Veronese,—great men doubtless, although they have no friends here."

"You are going to undertake a very fatiguing occupation, young lady," said René.

"I am young and strong," said the young girl.

"Before we can decide on giving you employment, you must lay aside part of your dress," murmured René in a low voice.

The poor girl blushed crimson when she heard this kindly meant hint.

"Heaven knows," exclaimed another student, "that we are not in doubt about your beauty, which is perfect;—but it is the custom,—we must discover to what school of beauty your form belongs."

"I will do whatever you desire," said the young girl, as she took off her bonnet and shawl.

At a gesture from René, the students all retired to the other end of the atelier; still the young girl appeared to hesitate; but when she saw another girl enter, who paused in astonishment on the threshold, she rapidly undid the clasp of her girdle.

"Hold, hold," called out the new-comer to the stranger; "what, have your music and singing failed you, my child, that you have taken to this trade?"

"What's that you're saying, Clara?" asked René.

"Faith, it's very simple," replied the painter's model, who rejoiced in the name of Clara. "This is the fair vestal of the Quartier Latin, who sings like a dozen nightingales, and many's the time I've given her a sous. Is it not true, little one! I don't therefore half approve of her coming here, entering into competition with me, and taking the bread out of my mouth. It's not pretty,—that it isn't! But stay,—some one must have sent her here!—Come, I'll bet this is some of your doing, René."

"Me; why me?" said the student.

"Because you must know that she lives in the same house as you: I met her in your passage yesterday. Oh, yes, affect ignorance—do—I like to see it."

René turned round, and looked stedfastly at the young girl. She turned pale under his glance.

"For heaven's sake, sir," she cried, "remove me from this place."

That evening, Chechina, seated beside René, repeated to him the whole of her simple story, from the day she had known him, and all her feelings had become changed. Without hesitation, and with all the boldness of innocence, she told him of her love, of her jealousy, of her wounded pride.

"But what made you wish to become a model?" asked René.

"Alas!" she replied, "you had conferred an obligation on me, and you did not even care to receive my thanks. This was what vexed me, and I could not bear the idea that you should have aided me with the same indifference that you would have given alms to a beggar. I wished to owe you nothing,—you, who would not even permit me to know you. But, as it would have taken too long to have made up the sum required by my former occupation, as singing, I determined to try a quicker method. It was the woman of the house, Madam Jean, who, without intending it, gave me the idea, by talking of the employment of the young woman with whom I first saw you. This is how you saw me so soon at your master's atelier,—but oh, how ashamed I was!"

"And now," said René, in whose heart love was being slowly kindled by the bright glances of the beauti-

ful young girl,—"and now, do you still look on me as a creditor?"

"Oh, now," replied Chechina, "it's a very different thing; now you are my friend. Since I know now that you don't love that Clara, I shall not tease myself so much about it."

About a month after this conversation, René one morning brought to his master a magnificent painting representing Venus rising from the foam of the sea. The students in the atelier all burst into loud exclamations of rapture, when they gazed on this beautiful master-piece.

"Who is the artist?" enquired the great man, when he came into his study.

"I am, sir," modestly replied René.

"You,—you,—are you sure of it? You astonish me. I hardly expected this from you. You have kept your talent very close, eh?"

René did not presume to make any reply to his master, who continued to examine, with growing admiration, all the beauties of his performance, which, although conceived as a totally different style from his own school, was not the less appreciated by the honest painter. After intently gazing on it for a considerable time, he half murmured to himself: Let us go! One more left us, and gone over to the enemy."

"I was in hopes, sir, you would have been good enough to have given me some advice, or some hints," said René, hesitatingly.

The painter smiled as he took him by the arm, and replied, with a gentle, good-natured irony:—"Advice or hints to you, my young friend? One of these days I shall be going to you to obtain them!" and he left the room.

"Does it appear to you like any one?" asked René, when he found himself alone with his companions.

"Oh," exclaimed one of them, "by Jove, now you mention it, it is the image of that Hebe who came here one day for a model. The girl who used to sing in the Cafés!"

"Very likely!" quietly replied René. "But you will never hear her sing again, gentlemen!"

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

(Continued from last Number.)

The two Townsmen, who thought to trick a Country Clown.

A rustic joined himself to two cits who were going on a pilgrimage. Their expenses were in common, but their funds fell short as they approached the end of their journey. Of flour they still had a small quantity, with which they made a cake. Then the townsmen drew aside, and arranged how to defraud their comrade, because he was a glutton. They all agreed to set the cake on one side, and then lay them down to rest, and that he alone should have it, who dreamed the most wonderful dream. Then they all prepared to sleep, and the rustic, who had overheard the others, rose up as soon as all was quiet, stole to the fire, and drew forth the cake.

After he had eaten it all, he again laid down. In a short time one of the cits woke up, and roused his companion. "A wonderful dream," said he, "I have had, and much pleased am I therewith. St. Gabriel and St. Michael opened the gates of heaven, and flew away with me to the presence of the Great God." "Great

joy, indeed, you must have had," rejoined the other, "but quite the reverse happened to myself. Two evil spirits, methought, seized upon me, and hurried me down into hell." The clown heard all this, but pretended to be sound asleep. Then the townsmen roused him up; and he seemed in terror as from a dream, and demanded who they were. "We are your comrades," said they; "get up." "My comrades!" he exclaimed. "When did you return?" "Return!" asked they in surprise. "You fool, we have not been away." "I believe you," he answered, "but I dreamed a marvellous dream. I thought that St. Gabriel and St. Michael opened the gates of Heaven, and bare one of you away upwards; while devils carried off the other to the unextinguishable flames of hell. I fancied that I had lost you for ever, and that you would never come back again; so I rose up and eat the cake, and left not a crumb of it." Thus do they, who covet all, oftentimes lose all.

Continuing in the same strain, the old man advises his son to flee the example of the dog, who not only devours his own share, but also seizes upon what is intended for his neighbour. The camel is in this respect rather to be imitated, for these animals will not touch the hay that is thrown before them, until they are all assembled, and have each an equal chance of satisfying his hunger. Then follows the story of

The Tailor, the King, and his Serjeant.

A CERTAIN king had an excellent tailor, and this tailor had journeymen who sewed what he cut out, and among them was his foreman, named Nidui. The latter was expert in his business, and was clever both to sew and to cut out. Now a grand festival was at hand. So the king sent for his tailor, and ordered many rich robes to be made to do honor to the feast. The tailor then called together his men, and hurried forward the work. And the king placed one of his Chamberlains to watch over them, and to furnish them with whatsoever they wanted, and to see that they did not steal anything. One day they were regaled with bread and honey, but Nidui was not at that moment in the company. When the Chamberlain observed this, he called the master-tailor, and said to him: "You ought to wait for your companion Nidui." Then the master replied cunningly: "We would willingly wait for him, but he never eats honey if he can get any thing else." When they had eaten it up all Nidui came back, and was wroth, and angrily demanded: "Why did you eat without me? You might have waited for me, I think." Then answered the Chamberlain: "So I told them, my friend, but your master said—I know not why he should—that you never eat honey, but would rather something else."

Nidui took no further notice of it at the time, but cast about in his mind how he should requite his master this evil turn. Accordingly one day he went privily to the Chamberlain, and said to him with subtlety: "Sir, I pray you, be on your guard against one thing. My master has attacks of the moon in his head, whereby he loses his senses, and becomes deranged. If he is not then quickly bound fast, whoever meets him will never more eat bread." "If I could know of a certainty," replied the Chamberlain, "when he would be so, I would take good care that he should be so secured, that he could not injure any of you." Nidui answered: "I will tell you how I have seen him at other times. When he begins to look about him on this side and on that, to stamp on the ground, to jump up from his seat, and to knock over his stool, then be you sure that his madness is coming on; nor will he recover from it, until he has been bound and beaten." Then the Chamberlain promised to watch him closely, and to take measures

to prevent his doing any harm. Soon after this Nidui hid away his master's sheers.* And one day the tailor wanted to cut out some stuff, but could no where find his sheers. So he began to look about him on this side and on that, and he jumped up from his seat, and knocked over his stool, and hunted for them in every corner. When the Chamberlain saw him thus acting like a madman, he quickly called in the Serjeant, and commanded him to bind the tailor. His orders were immediately obeyed, and the tailor was secured and soundly thrashed. And when they were tired of belabouring him, they let him go. Then he asked the Chamberlain why he had so evil entreated him. "Nidui," he replied, "gave me to understand that you were subject to attacks of the moon, and that if we did not hold you fast, it would be the worse for some of us." The master then called Nidui and said: "Since when hast thou known that I am wont to be thus deranged?" And Nidui answered: "And do you tell me one thing—since when have I disliked honey?" Then the Chamberlain and the Serjeant, and all who were there present, both great and small, laughed heartily; for he who deceives his comrade, richly deserves whatever may befal himself.

"*Qui mal porchace et mal porquiert*"—*i. e.* whoso seeks to injure his neighbour brings injury upon himself, is the appropriate remark of the sensible youth. Upon which his father goes on to warn him against the consequences of practical jokes, ever apt to recoil on those who attempt their perpetration.

Two gluttons once met at the court of a certain king. Their dinner was served up to them at the same time, and dreadful was the havoc they made. One of them afterwards took all the bones he himself had polished, and piled them up in a heap before the place where the other had been sitting. Then he went to the king and said: "My companion is a terrible glutton. He has stripped all the bones you see arranged there before him." The other promptly answered and said: "Sire, I have done right. I have eaten the meat, and left the bones. In this I am not to blame. But this fellow has fed like a dog, for he has munched up bones and all." So the mocker was himself mocked, and hooted out of the palace.

On concluding this parable, the dying sage launches out into a full stream of moral instruction, excellent in its kind, and admirably conveyed; the general purport of it being to recommend moderation in prosperity, and resignation in adversity; contentment, and honest industry. To enforce the value of patience under losses, he cites the tale of "The Churl and the Little Bird," which will be given hereafter at greater length, and with fuller details. This story, however, suggests the danger and folly of giving up substantial advantages for the sake of chimerical promises or benefits; and thus we are introduced to

The Farmer who consigned his Oxen to the Wolf.

A FARMER was one day driving his oxen in a plough, but they refused to go the way he wished. Then he flew into a passion, and exclaimed: "Would that the wolf might devour you for all the trouble you have given me!" The wolf happened to be near at hand, and overheard what he said. When the farmer unyoked his cattle, the wolf thought he would possess them at his leisure, in consequence of what the rustic had said. So he went straight up to him, and demanded the oxen, but the farmer would not give them up. The wolf, however, persisted in his

* In the original *les forces,* an evident corruption of *forceps.*

claim, and thus they disputed and bandied about many words. Just then the fox came wandering bye, and drew near to hear the subject of contention. The man acquainted him with all that had passed. Then the fox said: "You need go no farther in quest of a just judgment, for I will pronounce it without a fault. But, first of all, let me speak to each separately before I form my opinion."

Then he called the farmer aside, and asked if he would give him a hen for himself and another for his dame, if he assisted him and delivered him from the wolf. The other readily promised whatever he demanded. On this the fox turned to the wolf and said: "I have spoken in thy behalf to the man, and have made him promise to give you a cheese as large as a buckler, on condition that you renounce your claim to the oxen." The wolf willingly assented. The fox then added: "Come along with me, and I will show you the cheese." So the wolf quitted the farmer, and went whence he never returned. The fox walked straight away, and the wolf followed him, until they came to a well just as the sun vanished from their sight. And when they reached the well, the moon was shining bright upon the clear water. The fox then called to his companion, and showed him at the bottom of the well the reflection of the full moon. "All the trouble you will have," he said, "is to let yourself down into the well, if you would taste of the cheese." "Nay, answered the wolf," "do you go down first, and if the cheese be too large for you to bring up by yourself, then will I descend." Over the well a cord was suspended, at the two ends of which were fastened two buckets for the purpose of drawing up water at pleasure; as the one went down, the other came up. The fox perceived that the wolf was completely gulled, so he seated himself in one of the pails, and gently let himself down. And the wolf jumped for joy, and cried out: "Now come back with the cheese." But the fox replied: "I cannot move it, you must come down yourself, if you wish to eat any of it." Then the wolf entered the other bucket; and as he descended the other mounted. When they met midway, the fox spoke to him, and said: "Fair brother, go and enjoy the cheese you so much desire." On this the wolf sprang forth to seize the prize, and lost his own life.

The wolf's credulity induces the father to caution his son against a similar weakness, lest he should suffer for it like

The Thief who embraced a Moon-beam.

A THIEF once entered the house of a very rich man, with the intention of stealing whatever he could find. To the roof of the house he climbed, and listened if any one were awake. Now the master of the house was aware of the thief, so he said softly to his wife: "Ask me aloud, so that you may be overheard, whence came all my riches, and how I obtained all this wealth. Do not let me rest until I have told you." Then she did as he commanded, and asked with a loud voice: "Sir, tell me, I pray you, by what means you acquired all your vast property, for I never could understand it. I never knew you to trade, or to lend on usury; nor can I comprehend how you have gained so much." And he replied: "You are wrong to ask such a thing, but freely enjoy what God hath given to us." But she pressed him exceedingly to tell her, until at last the good man pretended to be wearied out by her importunities, and thus made answer. "I was formerly a thief, and my master taught me a charm, which he greatly prized. When he was on a house top, he used to repeat that charm seven times; then he would embrace a moon-beam, and let myself down into the house, and take whatever I pleased, for it in no way impeded me. And when I wished to return,

I said the charm over seven times, and, embracing a moon-beam, mounted to the roof as by a ladder." "Teach me, I beseech you," said she, "this wondrous charm." "Willingly," replied he. "I used to repeat the word Saul seven times, then the moon-beam bore my weight without difficulty, and no one in the house ever awoke, whether great or small." "Truly," answered the wife, "this charm is a great treasure, and had I any relation or friend, who could not otherwise maintain himself, I would teach it to him, and so make him rich and affluent." Then her husband begged her to be silent, and go to sleep, for he had remained awake long enough, and much wished for repose. She then held her peace, and he began to snore. When the robber heard this, he deemed that he was asleep, so he repeated the charm seven times, and embracing a moon-beam, placed his hands and feet upon it, but fell to the ground, and broke his right leg and arm; so badly did the moon-beam bear him up. On hearing the noise of the fall, the master of the house sprang up, and demanded aloud what was the matter. The other replied: "I am a robber, and unluckily overheard your talk. Your charm has served me so well, that I am a dead man." Then the officers of justice carried him off, and he was straightway sent to the

Having given his son thus much of instruction with regard to his duty to himself, the father proceeds to teach him his duty to his sovereign, whom he is bound to obey, however wicked he may be, because kings are accountable for their actions to God alone. He then gives him some general directions as to his conduct at table, should the king invite him to supper. "When you have washed your hands, and dried them with a towel,* and shall have seated yourself at table, and the bread has been placed before you, be not in too great haste to begin to eat, lest they should say that you starve at home. Do not take too large a mouthful at a time, for this is not seemly, and they would say that you were a glutton. Never swallow a morsel whole, either through haste or greed, for so you may choke yourself. It is not well to drink before that your mouth be empty, for this is deemed clownish. Whatever any one may say, take care not to speak while you have any thing in your mouth, lest any of the crumbs should enter the throat, and stop up the passage by which the m[illegible] should descend. After supper never forget to wash your hands, for this belongs to good manners." Much instruction of this kind does the old man bestow on his attentive listener; after which he resumes the subject of his moral conduct, and especially warns him against apathy and indolence by the example of

Maimon, the Slothful.

One morning Maimon's master desired him to rise, and open the house door. Now, there was nothing he so much disliked as having to turn out of his warm bed; so he answered and said: "I knew it was your wish that the door should be open at an early hour, so I left it open all night." On another occasion his master called out to him: "Get up, you lazy loon, and do your work as you ought to do. Do you think to lie in bed as long as your master?" "Sir," replied Maimon, "I should much like to have something to eat." "What! you glutton," cried his lord, "would you eat before it is day?" "Is it fair then," rejoined the other, "that I should get up before the day dawn? I have no wish to compete with the sun in early rising." If his master asked him if it

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* In the original *toaille*.

rained, Maimon would whistle for the dog, and if his hair were wet, he answered, Yes; but if it were dry, he answered, No. When he was asked if the fire were lighted, he would call the cat, and feel her paws; if they were warm, he would say that there was a fire. His master was once coming home from a fair, merry and joyful, for he had made great gains, when he fell in with Maimon, and said to him: "Take care that you tell me nothing but good news." Now Maimon was quick to tell a lie, so he answered: "Mainpinele, your favorite bitch, is dead." "Of what did she die, Maimon!" "I will tell you," said he. "The mule took fright, broke his tether, and ran away. The bitch got in his path, so he trampled her under foot." "And what became of the mule?" "He fell into a well, and was drowned." "But what frightened him?" "Your son fell down the steps, and was taken up dead, and this scared the mule." "How is the mother of the child?" "She conceived such grief for the loss of her son, that no one could comfort her, so she also died." "Who then has taken charge of the house?" "It is all in ruins, and burnt down to the ground." "How came this? Who set it on fire?" Maimon went on with his tale. "When your lady was dead, and laid upon the bier, the chambermaid went into the room to see that all was right, and when she came out, she forgot the candle, and so the house caught fire." "And what is become of the chambermaid?" "She remained so long trying to extinguish the flames, that she too was burnt." "But how did you escape, who are generally so slothful?" "I took care not to stay longer than was safe." When the good man heard all this, much he grieved. With a sad and heavy heart he went away, till he met a friend, to whom he recounted his misfortunes, and in return received much sympathy and consolation.

This friend dilates at some length on the uses of adversity, and adduces the example of Job as an encouragement to hope for better times; but we may reasonably presume, that the worthy man felt more substantial satisfaction, when he discovered that the whole story was an invention of the indolent but imaginative Maimon.

After this little tale the father advises his son occasionally to withdraw from the turmoil of the world; and to commune with himself in secret By way of illustration he tells him what passed between King Alexander and the Sacristan Socrates, who had retired into a lonely wood, where he made his dwelling in a tub. Passing from this historical (!) episode to the uncertain tenure of human life, he exhorts the youth to live as if he were on the verge of the grave, and not to cling too fondly to the pleasures and vanities of the world, lest he be one day surprised unawares like a thief, who, loitering too long in selecting his plunder, has been overtaken by the dawn of day, and discovered by the servants of the house. With this admonition he appropriately closes his instructions, insisting on the transitory nature of all earthly joys, and beseeching his son to lay up treasure in Heaven, where alone happiness is to be found, and joy for evermore.

*Amen, Amen, dites trestuit.**

* *That is,* every one of you.

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The time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact* is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle : hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the "Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system are of admirable use as a *preventive; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, "I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know *why* this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually threwing off waste matter. Lavoisier, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkha or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "what a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—"you

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Bills of Exchange, per set, ...	0— 3

It is particularly requested, that Gentlemen ordering any Forms not specified above, or requiring alterations from those usually required, will have the goodness to send Sample Forms with the orders, so as to save time and expense.

If Officers of any one regiment, or in any one Station, will arrange to take a supply of Forms together, they will save considerably in Carriage, postage, &c.